VOGUE

75¢
FEB. 15



THE SHAPE TERRIFIC

HOW TO GET IT... HOW TO KEEP IT

FASHION ON THE MOVE

SHIRLEY MACLAINE AND THE NEW FASHIONS FOR LEGS AND FEET

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

ADVANCED EDITION

Where?



PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF DENVER

Wear

Sacony and you'll be the most admired American at Pavillon Henri IV in St. Germain En-Laye.

What the French will enthuse about is your impeccable manner in Sacony's Ciella. It's an exclusive fabric you can fold up, pack in your handbag and then slip on without a wrinkle to show for it. Especially on your brow.

Ciella washes, drip dries like a pair of hose. And the chic of it will take you to the ends of the world. This dress (unbelted, it's a shift) is in black, aqua, gold or brown with white – a dramatic abstract print in Ciella® Arnel® triacetate. Sizes 8 - 18. Only $18 and you save an overweight luggage charge too.

Sacony, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, NY

Sacony.

Plaza Collections



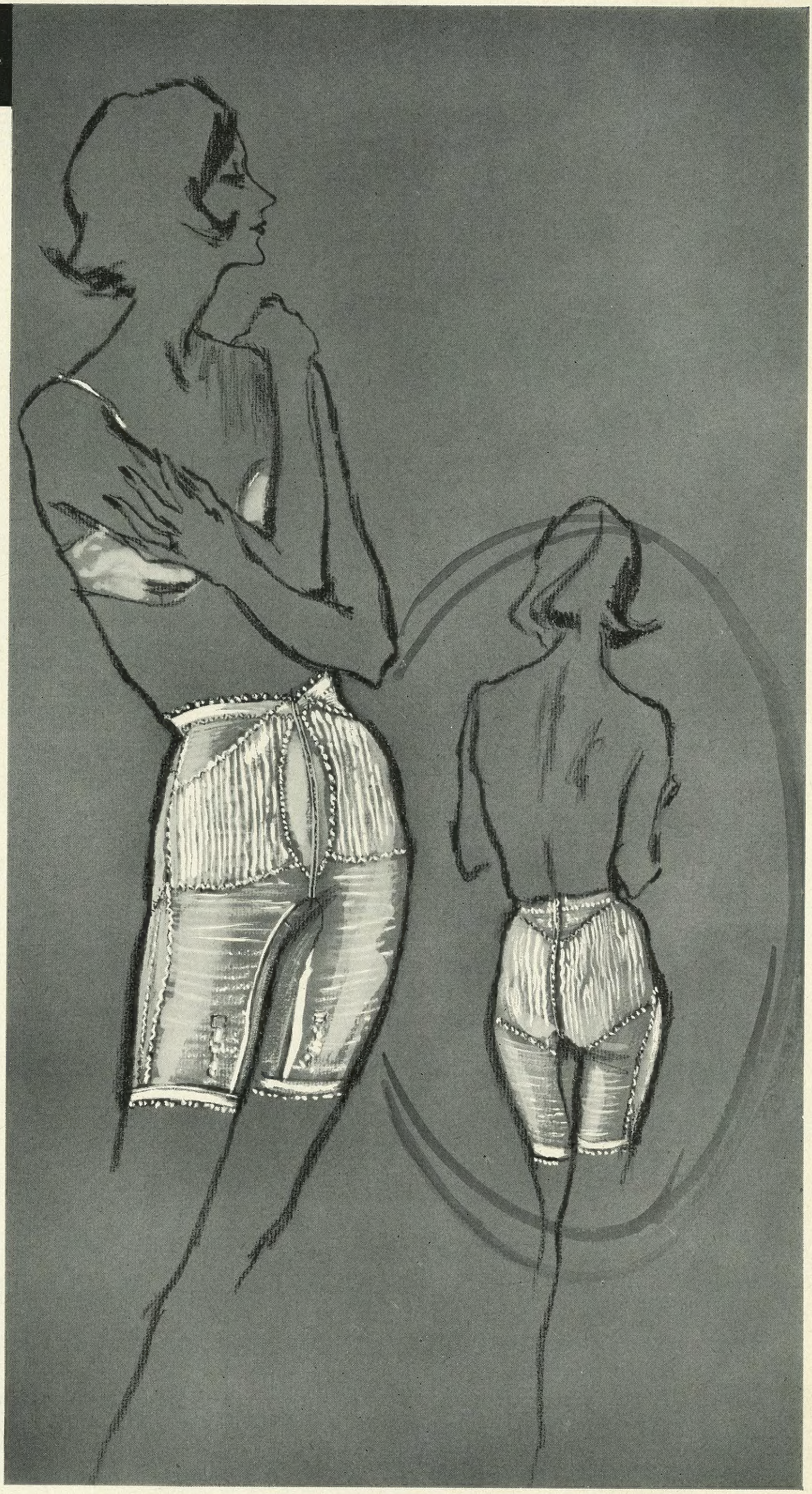
The Capelet Costume $160

...full-of-flair and elegant bravado. Watch this shape-in-the-news sweep South and into Spring '64, a beautiful balance of crisply-controlled width and eased slenderness. Adele Simpson flings the breezy little silk-lined cape over a dress of matching rayon Fibranne, its waistline lashed with a sliver of leather. Navy with vivid green lining and belt, sea green with turquoise, gold nugget with black or black with gold nugget. Sizes 6 to 16. From our Plaza Collections, Fourth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Success by Fortuna

Fashion begins here . . . with our superlative new slenderizer styled of lightweight Lycra® spandex. An enveloping ring of control smooths the tummy, hugs the hips. Unique thigh panels create a sleeker, lovelier silhouette. The garters are nicely hidden and adjustable.
White. Sizes S-M-L.

Pantie, (*V-30*) **12.95**
Girdle, (*V-31*) **10.95**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Order by style number • *Address Section 6*
And at all our Branches

FEBRUARY 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Perfect example of a girl getting the most out of the fashion for fitness: Head held high on a long curve of neck. Hair with the sheen of mahogany. Face radiant with health, really getting the most from its make-up—freshness, colour, shaping, even treatment. Over Estée Lauder's Sun Foundation Film, Sun Blend glows up the forehead, cheekbones, and chin. On the mouth, two lipsticks: Café glossed over a thin coat of French Apricot—both built on Estée Lauder's Re-Nutriv formula that smooths and tends the lips as it colours. The flowers in her hair, a cascade of soft silk ruffles printed in all the colours of spring . . . sky blue, jonquil yellow, bud green, mauve. By Adolfo, of Staron fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. Earrings by Eugene.

FASHION

47 Vogue's eye view: Eve and the apple

48 What the beautiful people are doing to keep fit: Mrs. Charles Engelhard, Jr.; Senator Claiborne Pell; Senator Maurine Neuberger; Madame Hervé Alphand; Duchessa Mirta Riario Sforza; Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale; Afro; Susan Hampshire; The Earl of Lichfield; Donna Simonetta Fabiani; Prince Alessandro Ruspoli; Anouk Aimée; Cecil Beaton

58 The fashion for fitness: twelve good ways to look this spring; tips that make for fashion on the move

68 Fashions for legs and feet shown by Shirley MacLaine: the blue shoe, the talon-twist heel

82 Walking in the rain: a new rush of stormy-weather coats

86 The new dash of navy blue with the snap of white

90 Cléo de Mérode, 1900, as seen by Boldini

92 Cléo de Mérode today as seen by Cecil Beaton

96 The prettiest figures this spring: lingerie, girdles, brassières

106 The suèdes terrific—paled to the point of spring

112 Vogue Patterns: suèdes on the point of spring

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

76 Enid Bagnold and Stars of "The Chinese Prime Minister"

77 People Are Talking About. . . .

78 Nice Kids' Night Places, Uptown

80 "All Seething Underneath . . ." By Doris Lessing

95 The Dynasty. By Gilbert Highet

135 Manual of Nice Kids' Night Places, Uptown

FASHIONS IN LIVING

118 The New Silver Game

124 The Leland Haywards of "Haywire House." By Valentine Lawford

128 Vogue's Own Menu: Dinner for Eight

BEAUTY

40 Beauty Checkout

74 Where the Make-up Action Is

95 Searchlight on White

120 Beauty Bulletin: the Shape Terrific

DEPARTMENTS

18 Books. By Erik Wensberg

20 Movies. By Paul Breslow

22 Theatre. By Henry Popkin

38 Vogue's Notebook: Skiing at St. Anton am Arlberg

136 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

138 Vogue's Shop Hound

JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

I. S. V.-Patcévitch
President

Benjamin Bogin
Vice President

Perry L. Ruston
Vice President

Wells Drorbaugh
Vice President

Alfred W. Cook
Treasurer

Mary E. Campbell
Secretary

William S. Cox
Business Manager

Copyright © 1964 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

Vol. 143, No. 4, Whole No. 2114

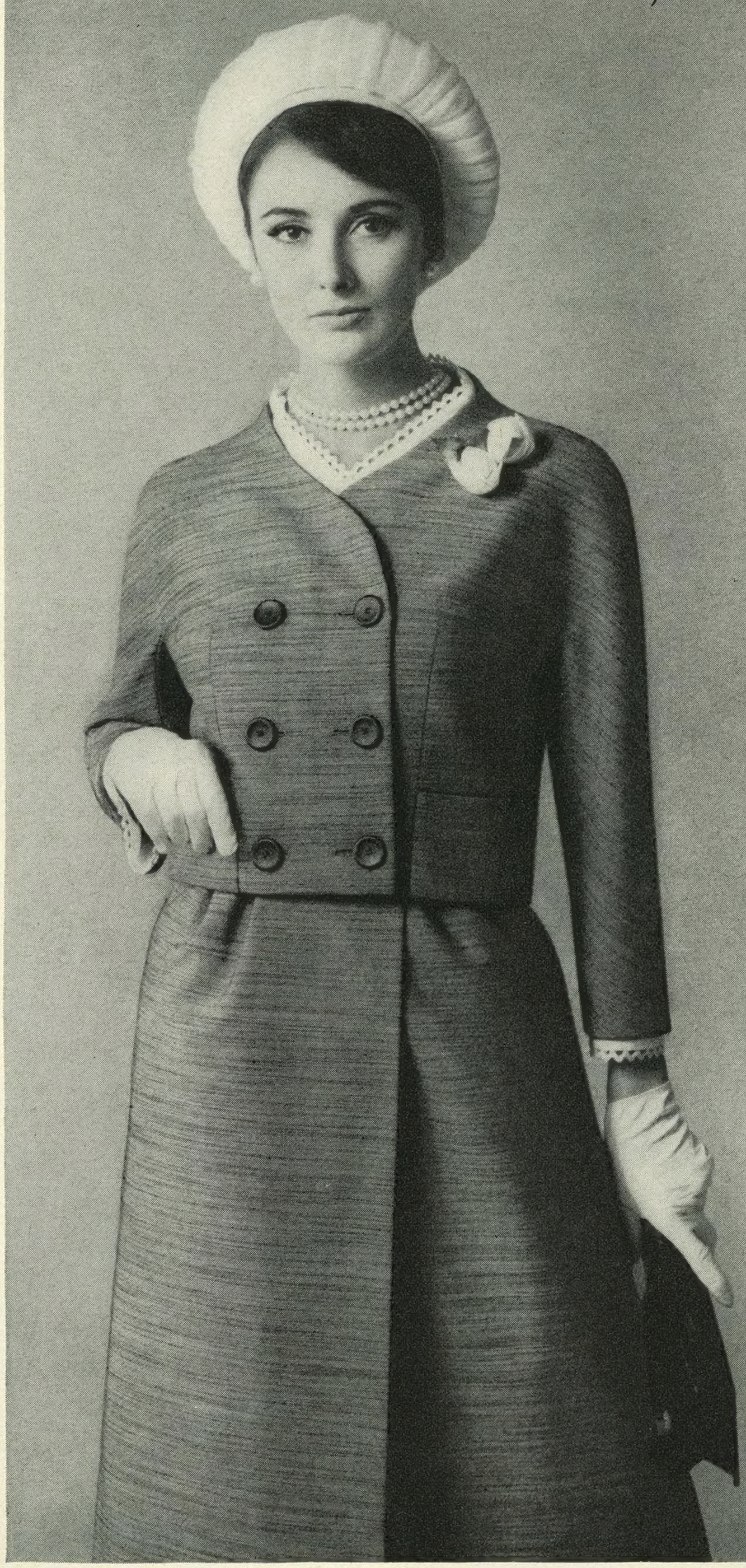
VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $8.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $13 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $9.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $15 FOR TWO YEARS, $20 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $13.50 FOR ONE YEAR. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. ELSEWHERE, $1.15. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado.



Saks Fifth Avenue—New York at Rockefeller Center • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Skokie • Detroit • St. Louis
Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Surfside • Phoenix • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • Palm Springs • La Jolla

Saks Fifth Avenue

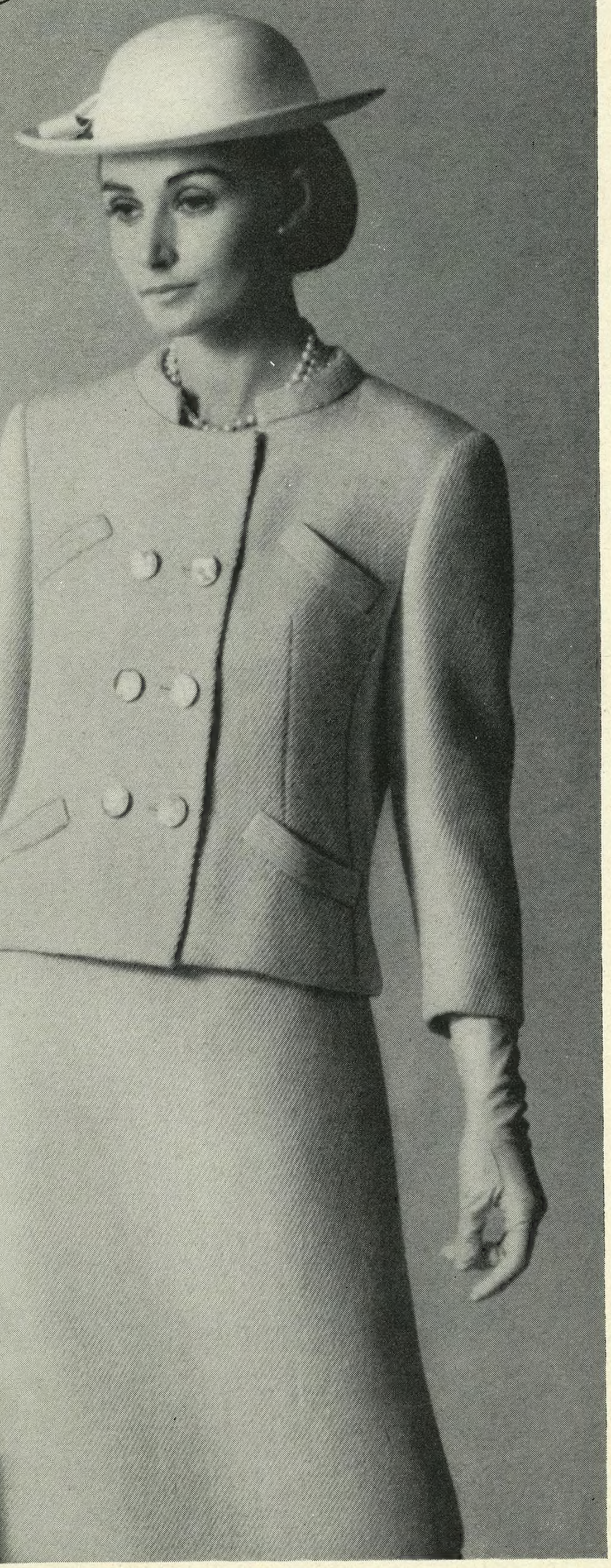


Our own Sophie's spring signature, the dress/maker suit— briefly jacketed and crisped with a sleeveless piqué vest that tucks into a superbly constructed skirt, 465.00

Black and white in wool, silk and nylon,
white cotton pique blouse. Sophie Ready-to-Wear Collections.
Hat by Tatiana.

Saks Fifth Avenue—New York at Rockefeller Center • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Skokie • Detroit • St. Louis
Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Surfside • Phoenix • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • Palm Springs • La Jolla

Saks Fifth Avenue



The perfect suit, triumph of a master tailor — its small, curved jacket has a double row of buttons, lean sleeves and a standing collar, 265.00

Vanilla color fabric imported from Italy.
Suit Collections



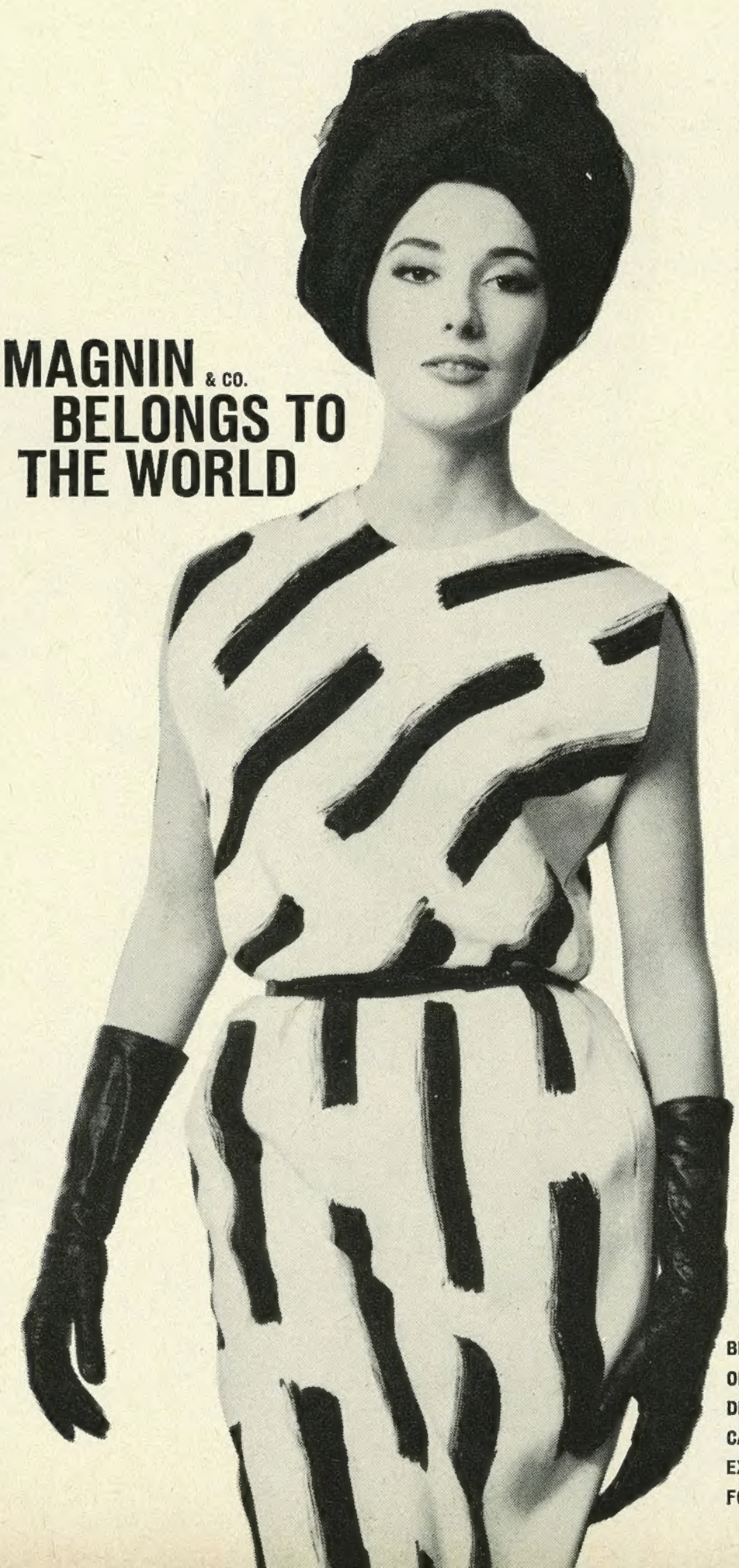
ABE SCHRADER

Abe Schrader's sleek blended silken costume with face-flattering contrast top. Sizes 8 to 16, about $70.00 in fine stores everywhere. Designed by Belle Saunders for ABE SCHRADER, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

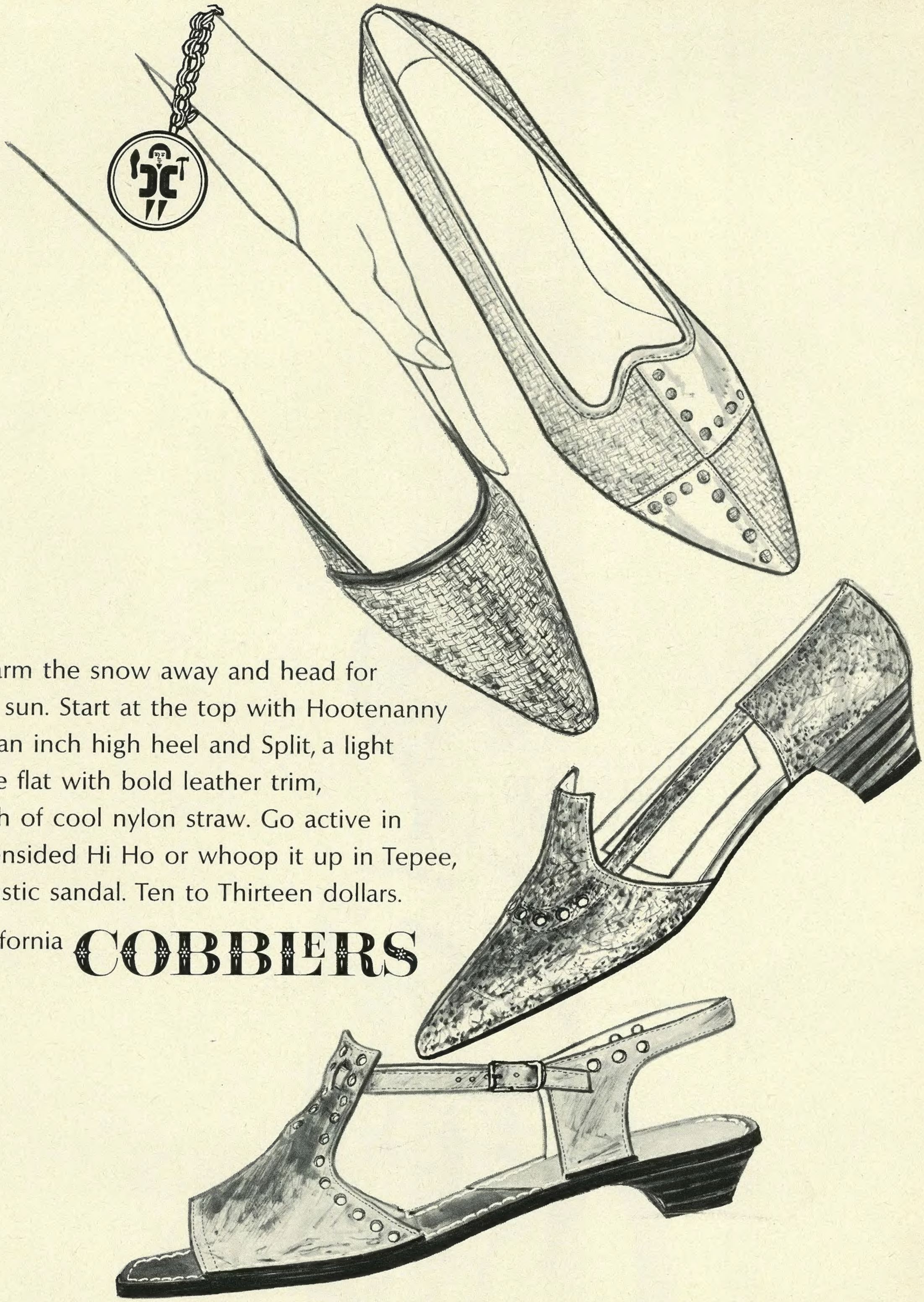
"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN & CO.
BELONGS TO
THE WORLD



BLACK BRUSH STROKES
ON CHALK WHITE SILK
DESIGNED BY
CATHERINE SCOTT
EXCLUSIVELY
FOR I. MAGNIN & CO.



Charm the snow away and head for
the sun. Start at the top with Hootenanny
on an inch high heel and Split, a light
little flat with bold leather trim,
both of cool nylon straw. Go active in
opensided Hi Ho or whoop it up in Tepee,
a rustic sandal. Ten to Thirteen dollars.

California COBBLERS

At fine stores everywhere. Write Cobblers, Inc., 1212 Stanford Avenue, Los Angeles 21



That Ayres Look

The easygoing walking suit of red and white silk and wool.
Ecru silk overblouse. By Christian Dior—New York.
L. S. Ayres & Company, Indianapolis

Fauve Mauve…

the new way to think pink

Vanity Fair has coined a madly becoming new color.
A melting-together of mauve and pink
that does beautiful things for your complexion,
blends or contrasts with countless fashion lights
and brights. Here, a sampling of wonderful
ways to wear Forever Orchid from the skin out.
Left, the flip little chemise slip in nylon
tricot and cobwebby lace. 10.95. Right, the lightlight
bra of point d'esprit and our own special sheer-knit
Lycra® 5.00. Long leg Lycra® pantie girdle
with famous Double Tulip control. 15.00
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

BRA AND GIRDLE OF NYLON AND LYCRA® SPANDEX FIBER

all is vanity...all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*



Spun Sugar

A froth of tiny beads, shimmering with sunbeams. These luscious confections come in chic two-tone layers as shown, also Jet Black and White. Solids available in Jet Black, Electric Red, Summer White, Frosted White and Fake Pearl. Necklace – choice of two smart lengths – with earrings, $4 plus tax.

by Valjean

Mark of Quality

19 WEST 36TH STREET NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

BARGAINS IN CHIC

Two to count on:

black silk for late-day, palest blue



Black silk late-day dress, rounded out from a low back yoke, curved closer to the body in front, with slightly bloused sleeves. Worn with six strands of bogus pearls and a black straw canotier with a blown-back brim. S. Howard Hirsh; junior sizes. $35. Oleg Cassini hat. Saks Fifth Ave. Kislav gloves.



Pale-blue dress with a soft wide cowl neck and short sleeves. It has a very slight in-to-the-body curve —would skim beautifully through any spring day. Worn with a white silk hat. Dress by Carl Naftal, of textured rayon; $26. Fuchs gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Hat by Emme.

JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



marcelle makes a promise . . . and keeps it!

COSMETICS

Here is a complete line of exciting cosmetics — designed for sensitive skin

Lucky, lucky you!
For Marcelle promises this: its cosmetics are designed for *all* women—even those with sensitive skin—without sacrificing the glamour of fashion and color.
Marcelle Cosmetics are hypo-allergenic—because ingredients known to cause allergic reactions are avoided or minimized. And Marcelle avoids these ingredients—these dangers to beauty—in everything from lipstick to eye make-up to body lotions to hair spray. The result is a complete line of cosmetics that has the splash of all that's new in fashion—while being made with special consideration for sensitive skin.
Wherever you go, Marcelle offers the promise that you can be more beautiful—and that's another promise Marcelle keeps.



marcelle COSMETICS
new beauty for sensitive skin

MARCELLE COSMETICS, 350 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW.....





.....IT'S Jacqueline®

FASHION EXPRESSED LIGHTLY AND OPENLY...IN THREE NEW, LITTLE-HEELED FINESSA SHOES BY JACQUELINE! IN SPARKLING SPRING COLORS. MOST STYLES $**13** TO $**15**. WOHL SHOE COMPANY/SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI/A Division of Brown Shoe Company

At FRANKLIN SIMON, 34th Street, New York; DAVISON'S, Atlanta; KAUFMAN'S, Colorado Springs; and other leading stores.



. . . that's where you belong in this delicate mist of flowering loveliness that veils your figure with a soft, chiffon-like look. Absolutely ethereal in blossoming tones of "Floranata" pink, blue or yellow. Peignoir set of Antron nylon, about $40. Gown only, about $16. Both in sizes 32 to 38. Other Rogers Pedestal Dream Fashions at prices ranging up to $50—many coordinated with Formfit Bras and Girdles.

Rogers Lingerie, a Fashion Division of GENESCO, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

If you've never worn support stockings before,

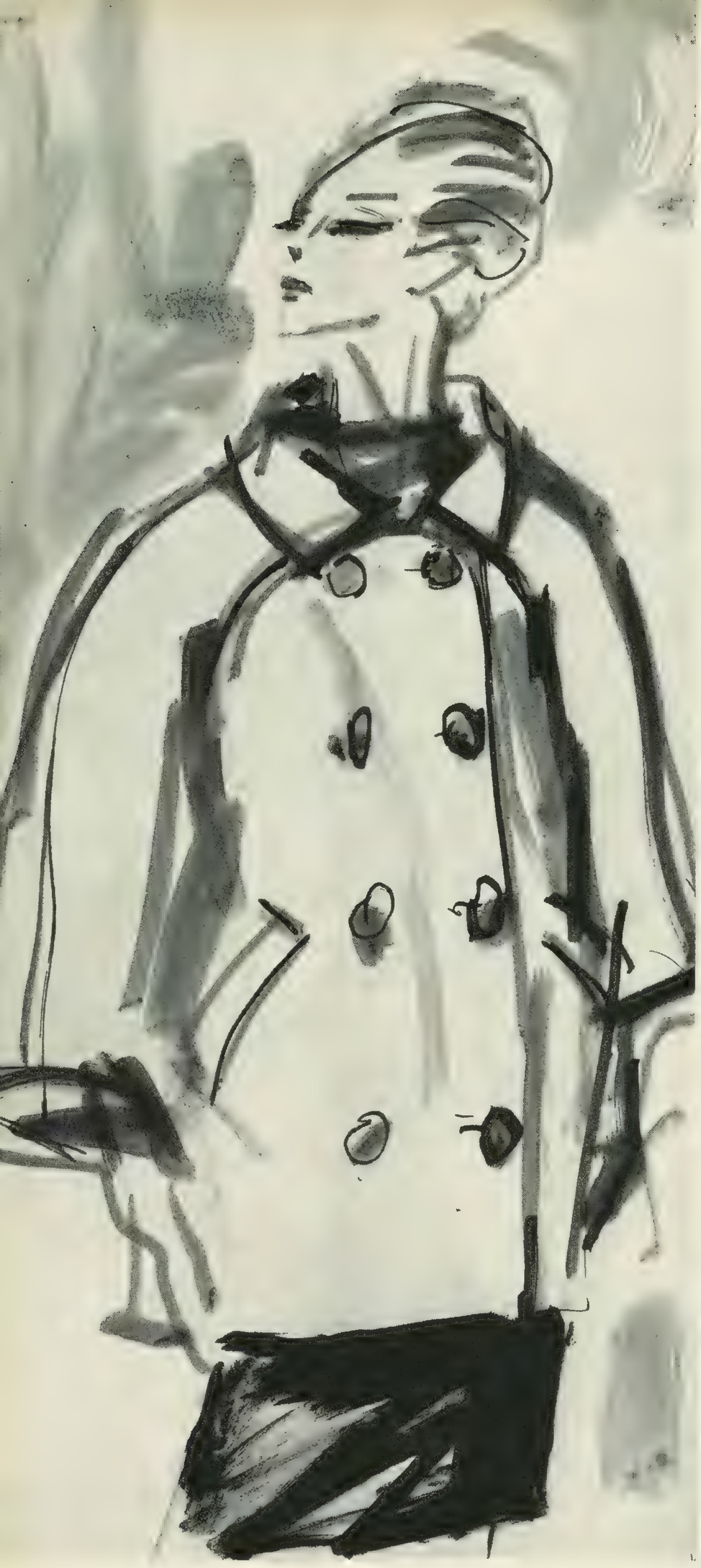
new Supp-hose® Sheerest™ will change your mind.



Supp-hose Sheerest is different. It was made for women like you—women who wouldn't dream of wearing any stocking unless it was really flattering. Really sheer. And there's just nothing sheerer than Supp-hose Sheerest in a true support stocking. And oh, that Supp-hose support! You just don't know how good you can feel until you try it for yourself. Get new Supp-hose Sheerest stockings with that wonderful "Naked Look," and find out how fashionable feeling good can be! In seamed or seamless styles.

Supp-hose Sheerest

SUPP-HOSE STOCKINGS, ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH



IT'S AN Originala

ORIGINALA INC., 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18

books

BY ERIK WENSBERG

A God and His Gifts, "closet drama"

"So we meet at last. With much to remember and forget. We can do both. It is a clear way."
"It is," said Emmeline. "And it is more. It is to be a new one."
"I am a minor figure on the occasion," said Sir Michael.
"But, as Ada's father-in-law, I can feel a part of it."
"I feel it might be the same without me," said Joanna . . .

No prizes need be offered for identifying this wholly original manner of Ivy Compton-Burnett. *A God and His Gifts*, published by Simon and Schuster, is her eighteenth novel—or literary étude, or closet drama. Like Virginia Woolf before her, Miss Compton-Burnett writes what she alone would write, and the result enters literature (in a minor way, I think) asking no comparisons, claiming no school, conceding not even the relevance of a particular time or a specific setting.

The place is only the usual country house; the family that one in which the author has enrolled the civilized Western classes—and fairly dreadful and comic it is. The theme might be called the morality of personal magnitude, an uncomfortable subject to our egalitarian age.

The dominant character is Hereward, a preternaturally prolific, successful, and (we are given to understand) possibly great author, broad as Balzac and popular as Hugo; he is the natural centre of his large family and eventually the figure upon which each member, made aware by life of a limited, relative capability, comes to depend. For some, the fascination of Hereward lies in what they regard as detestable and demonic libertinism; for others, he is simply the inexplicable life force which governs them when they discover nothing resembling force in their own fates or in themselves. Yet Hereward's erotic conquests move from the forgivably outriding to the nearly incestuous, and the *droit du seigneur* he seems finally to be taking with the wives of his sons discloses how helpless before his impulses all have become, including Hereward. If I understand the end of the book, it points out that the incest Hereward has not reached will unavoidably be committed by an offspring.

Miss Compton-Burnett is always inspiring comparisons with Greek dramatists—justly, I think, only in so far as the "actions" of her books, all talk, are ceremonial. Self-consciousness, the very essence of civilization, has bred in her characters an excruciating awareness of every word as holding a consequence, every moment as a committing gesture. Suitably enough, then, they seem to stand and converse on some sighing heath that is vacant of all interest beside the bewildering interest of each other. There the past is made immutable by memory, the future made terrifying through sheer possibility. *A God and His Gifts* seems to me an excellent book by every standard the author has set. That she alone has set most of them is part of her distinction.

Reuben, Reuben, "in salts to injury"

Peter De Vries has set *Reuben, Reuben* (Little, Brown) in a town that is not Woodstock, New York, and shored it haphazardly around a touring poet who is not the late Dylan Thomas. The first part of the book is told by a local chicken farmer, in a false and unfunny gumbo of New Englandisms, phonetic spelling, and sub-educated back-chat. Mr. De Vries is so bored, himself, that he pastes Joycean ambiguities into every second illiteracy (a big man is described as "truckulent"), thus adding in salts to injury. The second section describes the adventures of the poet among the familiar De Vries suburbanites; it is often quite funny, and is finally moving. The last section deals with the poet's Boswell *manqué*, a man named Mopworth. He is the ideal De Vries hero, driven nearly mad by other people's language—especially the psychoasininities of his young wife and her best friend. At his worst, one wants reassurance that Mr. De Vries is up to no good after all. At his best, he never is.

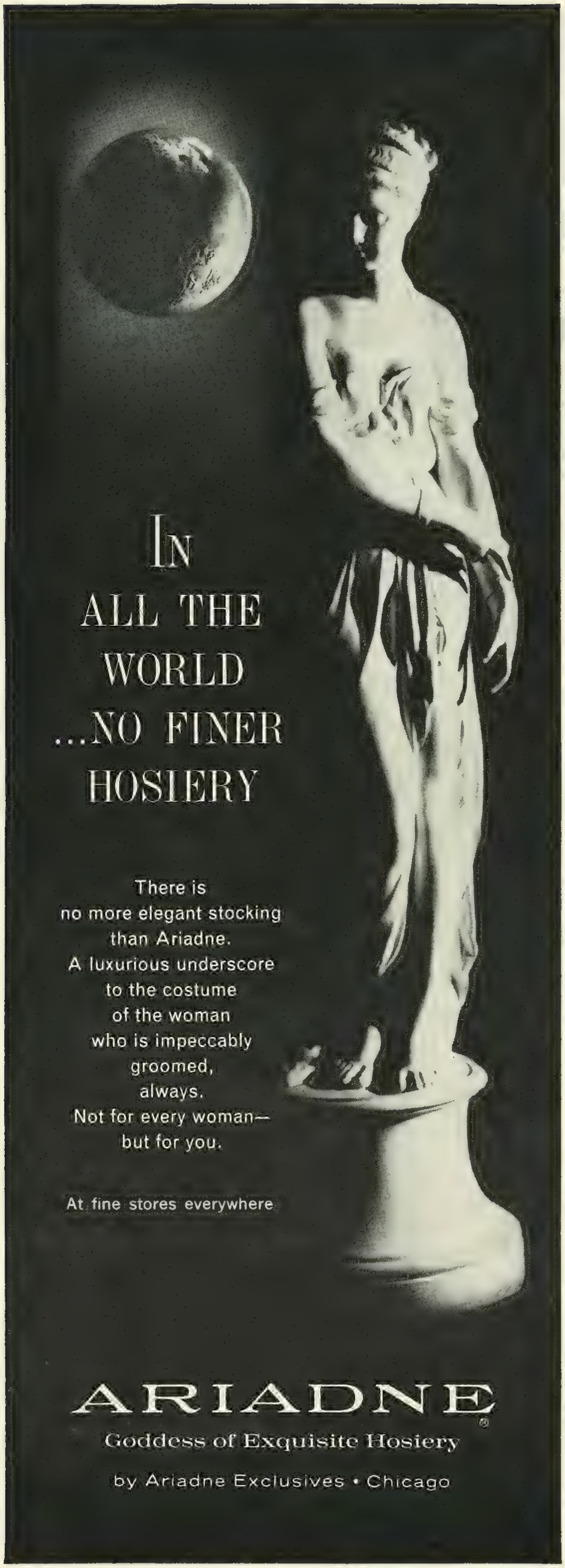


Whatever your size,
whatever your weight,
you'd look better,
feel more controlled and more
comfortable in a bra and girdle
elasticized with LYCRA®

"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



movies

BY PAUL BRESLOW

Hallelujah the Hills, "miscarried slapstick"

For a few great artists, a form of allusive parody serves as a means of coping with cynicism by warding off naïveté without discarding innocence. In other hands, however, parody may substitute for certain elements of creative discipline; it becomes a way of leaning upon tradition without assuming the difficult responsibilities of form.

Because so much of *Hallelujah the Hills* consists of the second, inferior sort of parody, I can not share the general conviction that it represents a liberating venture. By presenting sentimental material in a manner that is shaped by parody of other movies, it attempts the fusion of sophistication and sympathy, but it succeeds merely in imposing parody upon its material as an artificial device.

Adolfas Mekas, the director and writer, possesses an elegant power of vision; his snow and sleigh sequences would be sufficient to distinguish this, his first, film for its plastic qualities alone. But these fragments stand isolated in a context of dreadful acting, miscarried slapstick, and unassimilated New-Wavish trickery. There is, to be sure, a certain charm in the overtness of the film's aggressive puerilities, but why cry, when you are well within the circle of sanctioned modernism, that you are yelping for art in a rowdy wilderness? The answer is, I suppose, that the ambitious film-maker, particularly if he edits an obscurantist journal called *Film Culture*, must claim not only to be new, but to be both precursory and responsible; he must think of himself as somebody's pioneering ancestor. The visibility of the claim is served by attaching it, with half-deprecations of past and present, to the achievements of acknowledged forebears. Thus, *Hallelujah the Hills*, the story of two fun-loving boys (they seem to love fun more than they do the girl they fruitlessly court), rattles with references to camaraderie on the plains, acrobatic blunderings, and painless violence; these thin resonances are amplified and given presence by devices ranging from frozen-action frames through disjunctive editing to partial masking of the screen, all reverent borrowings of usages observed in films from Méliès to Truffaut by way of Vigo. For further portentousness, we are given old Sennett shorts and the splendid ice-floe scene from Griffith's *Way Down East*.

His synthetic method argues that Mekas believes in his characters in the way that one believes in animals, as objects that live and see without possessing full consciousness. It is also clear that Mekas approves of his characters and might reasonably be expected to explore their apparent absurdity: surely this is what the great silent comedians did. Instead, he moves inside their hollowness only technically, with a camera; by showing the girl, Vera, in two guises, as variously seen by her suitors, he does not truly shift a point of view, but literally manipulates a change in person; it is as if a novelist were to move from "he" to "I" without a corresponding expansion of interior knowledge. Captivated by a strange formal etiquette, in which grace consists solely in the fitness of behaviour to cinematic practice, Mekas creates a world in which people approach icy waters because they have seen *Way Down East*, a world of Mannerism rather than of Comedy.

Seven Days in May, "tough nothings"

Seven Days in May is an artless propaganda movie that purports fearlessly to oppose military coups. The illustrative conspiracy is led by Burt Lancaster against Fredric March, who, like something out of a sentimental rewrite of Machiavelli, evidently derives much of his authority from his appearance of frailty. Characteristic of the way in which the film undermines the slogans that hover about it are its assumption that television is the dominant instrument of political control, and its subplot involving salacious letters that Kirk Douglas steals from Ava Gardner under cover of a partial seduction which is, I gather, completed upon return of the letters, in order to show that heroes are sincere. John Frankenheimer directs in a sloppily obvious manner that suits the dialogue, rich in tight-jawed statements of tough nothings, by Rod Serling.



"WONDERFUL NEWS! AND DARLING, HOW PROUD I AM TO BE YOUR WIFE"

Only the loveliest paper can say the nicest things about you; and the loveliest paper means Crane's. Available in colors of your choice, or pristine white; bordered note paper (each border hand brushed); invitations and announcements. ▪ Crane makes only one quality of paper, 100% cotton fiber; paper known for its superb texture since 1801. ▪ Your experienced selected dealer in Crane stationery is your most reliable source of paper information. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's FINE PAPERS

KNAPP·MONARCH · NESCO
EVERYBODY APPRECIATES THE FINEST



KNAPP MONARCH REDI-DRYER

Salon-type dryer and queen-size hood dries hair quickly, quietly. Cool-air nail dryer. Beautiful, luggage-type molded case with removable lid, unbreakable mirror and bobby-pin tray. Case can be personalized with initials. Handy storage for cord. At all fine stores, about $19.95.

KNAPP-MONARCH-NESCO, ST. LOUIS 16, MO.

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE"
"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers. To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

The telephone symbol at the bottom of a VOGUE advertisement means that you can quickly find out where to buy the merchandise you see advertised. On the last page of the magazine is a listing of phone numbers— you'll find one to call in your area. The operator who answers will tell you where to buy the merchandise you saw advertised in this issue of VOGUE.

theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

The Lover and *Play*, "curiosities"

Harold Pinter's *The Lover* and Samuel Beckett's *Play* are short, slight, yet characteristic examples of their illustrious authors' art. The husband and wife of *The Lover* coolly chat about each other's infidelity, but we soon find that each is the other's extra-marital lover and that the idea of infidelity has been invented to keep passion alive. From this point we move to the discovery that deliberate play-acting can be hard to distinguish from madness. Is the husband mad, or is he only extending the rules of the game? Pinter won't tell us. But this is primarily an entertainment, not a riddle, and the entertainment rests upon the characters' coy pleasure in their lunatic relationship, not upon a clinical diagnosis.

The three characters of *Play*, husband, wife, and mistress, stand in their funeral urns with only their green heads visible. As the spotlight falls on each in turn, they speak to it but not to one another, recalling their jumbled lives and still justifying themselves. At first one remark amusingly counterpoints or completes another, but too soon they fade into piecemeal recollections reflecting remoteness from life. Both of these curiosities get the precise, detached playing that they require.

Marathon '33, "hostile to actors"

June Havoc's *Marathon '33* represents a new dramatic type—the ambiguously horrible example. Arnold Wesker led the way with *Chips with Everything*, entertaining us with ostentatious military drills but assuring us at the same time that the process of learning these drills is ruinous to the finer nature of anyone so fortunate as to have one. Now Miss Havoc entertains us with a dance marathon, of the sort that entertained so many in the 1930's, but her thesis is that such events are inhuman and that finer natures had better beware.

I accept the thesis: a dance marathon is, indeed, more appalling than an RAF drill, but, unhappily, Miss Havoc is hypnotized by her horrible example. Of course, she disavows it; she hates the marathon, as she told us in her autobiography, from which this play is taken, but she can offer us no alternative. The few passages in which the dancers are seen as individuals are embarrassing at worst and unedifying at best; we are relieved when they go into their dance. Both Wesker's characters and Miss Havoc's are most endurable when they are least human and most mechanical.

The heroine declares at the beginning, "I'm proud to be a vaudevillian." We would willingly believe that the ultimate value is the theatre, but the play contradicts even this notion by relying on the jokes that killed vaudeville and upon actors whose true home is not the legitimate stage. The leading man, Lee Allen, in this Actors Studio production is not a trained actor but a comedian from the borscht belt; he does better than most of the other inexperienced actors on the premises. They are numerous, and, in fact, the play may have marked a record number of Broadway débuts. The Actors Studio, in short, is hostile to actors.

But I can think of something even worse. The Actors Studio is hostile to its own ultimate origin in the Group Theatre of the 1930's. The Group Theatre used to sponsor plays of social comment. *Marathon '33* implies that the Group Theatre was lying to us and that the true reality of the 1930's consisted of dance marathons in which morons mainly participated and which only morons attended. The Group Theatre painted a rosier picture—who ever thought one might live to write that sentence?—by suggesting that human relationships had some meaning. Perhaps the present cynicism results from the discovery that the theatre is to be saved, not by its following or by social revolution, but by The Ford Foundation.

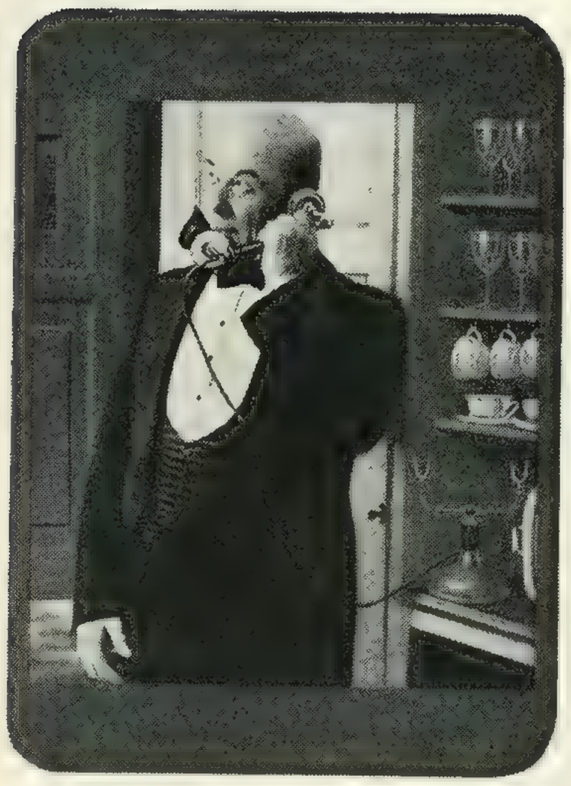


Breathe it deeply...
this fragrance relaxes you

Every time you bathe, add Abano Perfumed Bath Oil to the water and *breathe in* its exotic fragrance. This is not just a scented bath oil. Abano is uniquely *perfumed*... blended to reach full fragrance in the warmth of your bath. As you breathe it in...slowly, deeply...the tensions of the day vanish. You step from your bath beautifully relaxed, perfumed with Abano—the fragrance that clings to your skin for *hours*. 1.50—16.50, plus tax.

ABANO PERFUMED BATH OIL by PRINCE MATCHABELLI





Discovery!

It's called a human being and it's made automation obsolete. (Everything a machine can do, it can do better.) For proof, just visit Delmonico's Hotel. We have lots of them and we use them as servants. And, oh, what wonders they've worked!

They've enabled us, for instance, to remove the dials from our telephones and the push buttons from our elevators. (In both cases, we've replaced them with *operators.)*

Now those who remember hotel life prior to World War I may claim this is not a new discovery. Literally, they are correct. But on the other hand, when something as cherished as personalized service has been missing from the American hotel scene for almost fifty years, it's triumphant return is certainly entitled to be treated as a happy discovery.

And back it is, better than ever at Delmonico's in New York. As you would expect of the counterpart hotel to the Colony in Palm Beach.

But don't take our word for it. See for yourself. Your travel agent will make your reservations. Or, if you prefer, you can write directly to us.

Either way, we'll be pleased to send one of our humans out to the airport to meet you in our Rolls.

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
John Francis Isard, Vice-President & Gen. Mgr.

DELMONICO'S
HOTEL

Park Avenue at 59th Street
Cable Address: Elegance, New York
Represented nationally by Leonard Hicks, Jr. Inc.

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editor
ALLENE TALMEY

Art Director
PRISCILLA PECK

Managing Editor
ROSEMARY BLACKMON

Beauty and Special Projects Editor
CAROL PHILLIPS

Senior Editors:
MARGARET CASE
BABS SIMPSON, Fashion
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG, Fashion
KATE LLOYD
ALISON HARWOOD, Fashions in Living
DESPINA MESSINESI, Travel
KATHRYNE HAYS, Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL, Fabrics
MARIAN SHERWOOD, Foundations, Lingerie, Swimsuits
CARRIE DONOVAN

Fashion Editors:
CHESBROUGH RAYNER
LOUISE SAVITT
BETTY RHINEHART, Accessories
MARY KRUMING
GLORIA SCHIFF
JANE PATRICK
BARBARA CULLEN, Shop Hound

Los Angeles Editor:
ELEANORE PHILLIPS

Paris Editor:
SUSAN TRAIN

Rome Editor:
CONSUELO CRESPI

Madrid Editor:
ALINE QUINTANILLA

Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief:
GRACE MIRABELLA

Beauty:
MEG MUNDY
JESSICA CANNÉ
JEAN PIERSON

Copy Editor:
EDITH LOEW GROSS

Fashion Copy:
LYDIA McCLEAN
MARY KLEVE

Feature Associates:
MARY ROBLEE HENRY
PAMELA COLIN

Contributing Editors:
TATIANA McKENNA, Food
DOROTHEA WALKER
AFDERA FONDA
SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU

Copy Executives:
JEANNE BALLOT
ANNIS BRADSHAW

Art Department:
G. WOODFORD PRATT
EDMUND WINFIELD
GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH
NICHOLAS HASLAM

BRITISH VOGUE
Editor: Ailsa Garland
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: Reginald A. F. Williams
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1

FRENCH VOGUE
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
General Manager: Henry Bertrand
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7

AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
Editor: Sheila Scotter
General Manager: Bernard H. Leser
49 Clarence Street, Sydney

EDWIN F. RUSSELL
Publisher

Executive Editor
MILDRED MORTON

Promotion:
MARY JANE POOL, Director
MAUREEN FOUNTAIN, Associate
CAROL HARVEY
ROBERT WALKER
LOUIS THAYER

Fashion Merchandising:
DOROTHY PARK, Editor
GRACE VAN DYKE

Newspaper Fashion Service:
GLORIA LISTER

Advertising Director:
ROBERT J. LAPHAM

Advertising Manager:
RICHARD A. SHORTWAY

Eastern Advertising Manager:
JOHN RODNEY

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE:
Robert Brennecke, Manager
Statler Building,
Boston 16, Mass.

WESTERN OFFICE:
Donald H. Koehler, Manager
65 East South Water Street,
Chicago 1, Ill.

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE:
John Brunelle, Manager
3921 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles 5, Cal.



The Alper Schwartz dress shown on the opposite page is available at the following fine stores:

Albany & Glens Falls, N.Y., **Honigsbaum**
Allentown, Pa., **Nan Carlby**
Altoona, Pa., **Meyer Jonasson**
Atlanta, Ga., **Regenstein's**
Austin, Tex., **E. M. Scarbrough**
Baltimore, Md., **Hecht Co.**
Beaumont, Tex., **R. & S. (Stella Sandel)**
Birmingham, Ala., **Parisian**
Boise & Twin Falls, Ia., **Carroll's**
Buffalo, N. Y., **Adam, Meldrum & Anderson**
Canton, Ohio, **Stern & Mann**
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, **Armstrong's**
Charlotte, N. C., **J. B. Ivey**
Chicago, Ill., **Johnson & Harwood**
Decatur, Ill., **Carol's**
Dallas, Tex., **Sanger-Harris**
Dayton, Ohio, **Jos. Thal**
Denver, Colo., **Denver Dry Goods**
Detroit, Mich., **Himelhoch**
Florida (All Stores), **Maas Bros.**
Ft. Wayne, Ind., **D. B. Fishman**
Ft. Worth, Tex., **Wally Williams**
Galveston, Tex., **Nathans**
Hutchinson, Kansas, **Wiley's**
Indianapolis, Ind., **Wm. H. Block**
Jacksonville, Fla., **Furchgott's**
Lincoln, Neb., **Hovland-Swanson**
Little Rock, Ark., **Pfeifer Bros.**
Louisville, Ky., **Byck's**
Lubbock, Tex., **Hackels**
McKeesport, Pa., **Katzman**
Memphis, Tenn., **Helen Shop**
Milwaukee, Wisc., **Robert Hyman**
Mobile, Ala., **Raphael's**
Montgomery, Ala., **Al Levy**
Nashville, Tenn., **Cain Sloan**
New Iberia, La., **Style Shop**
New Orleans, La., **Leon Godchaux**
Norfolk, Va., **Nicholson & Marks**
Oklahoma City, Okla., **John A. Brown**
Philadelphia, Pa., **Nan Duskin**
Phoenix, Ariz., **Goldwaters**
Pittsfield, Mass., **Elise Farar**
Port Arthur, Tex., **Bluestein's**
Portland, Ore., **Best's Apparel**
Roanoke, Va., **Smartwear—Irving Saks**
St. Louis, Mo., **Famous-Barr**
San Antonio, Tex., **Frost Bros.**
San Diego, Calif., **Marston Co.**
Santa Ana, Calif., **Patricia's**
Schenectady, N. Y., **Imperial**
Seattle, Wash., **Best's Apparel**
Shaker Heights, Ohio, **Lota Kelly**
Shreveport, La., **The Fashion**
Streator, Ill., **Opdycke's**
Syracuse, N. Y., **Sadye Ann**
Washington, D. C., **Jelleff's**
Waterloo, Iowa, **James Black**
West New York, N. J., **Gail Brown**
Winston-Salem, N. C., **Ideal**
Youngstown, Ohio, **Chas. Livingston**

DRESS SHOWN: 50% "ANTRON"* NYLON, 50% SILK.



"Antron"® lightens and illumines a beautiful new jersey

Joyous jersey, ounces light. Permanently pleated. Beautifully softened in spring's new silhouette. Almost without your noticing, it becomes the dress in your life. How completely reasonable that it should! Red/gold, blue/turquoise/green, black/blue/sand. 10-20. About $70. Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Sakowitz, Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Best & Co., Fifth Ave., New York and branches; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh. By **Alper Schwartz**.

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRICS OR FASHION SHOWN. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY KAYSER. HAT BY EMME.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



delicate skin

CAN NOW WEAR EXCITING, HIGH-FASHION MAKE-UP

Glamour without grief! Almay is
exquisite make-up created expressly for skin
sensitive to certain cosmetic ingredients...
fully 55 known irritants screened out. That's why
Almay cosmetics are called Hypo-Allergenic...
more than just glamorous make-up.

Now use elegant, fashion-right cosmetics with comfort! The Almay line—creams, foundations, powder, lipstick, eye make-up, hair and nail products—is sophisticated, yet gentle to sensitive skin. Exclusive but not expensive. At better cosmetic, drug, dept stores. Unscented, won't compete with the perfume you use. ALMAY®

DIVISION OF SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK 3, N.Y.



. . . so glamorous you have to be told they're Hypo-Allergenic.

BARGAINS IN CHIC

**The pale spring dress—
willowy new figures**



Coffee-with-cream shirt-dress in a soft, gleaming fabric with a wide V neck, notched lapels. It's straight and unfettering through the waist. Part of the bargain—it travels almost anywhere. By Marjorie Montgomery, of polyester and rayon; $25. At De Pinna. The Halston rolled-brim hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.



Narrow, skimmy dress in palest bone, with a high, banded neck, raglan sleeves that stop just short of the elbow. Worn here with a chunky pin as high on the shoulder as it will go. Dress by Annette Bullock, of textured Swiss rayon; $70. At I. Magnin. Cadoro pin. Fownes gloves. Emme hat.

JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



No other vacation promises so many happy memories as *marvelous* MEXICO

■ The pageantry and color of Mexico as expressed in her songs and dances give you merely a glimpse of the panorama of life in this picturesque land. There is so *much* to see, to do and enjoy.

Come see it for yourself. Come for a complete and delightful change. For rest, relaxation and *fun* in Mexico's many beach resorts or beautiful, health-restoring spas.

Come for breathtaking scenery ranging from tropical verdure to snow-capped volcanoes. Sparkling blue bays. Rugged mountains. Delightful Spanish Colonial towns.

Come for sports and spectacles: Horse-racing most of the year, golf, world-famous deep sea fishing, skin diving in translucent waters, jai alai, and the drama of the bullfight.

Come for the time of your life—in excellent cosmopolitan hotels, charming country inns, and modern motels, with delicious food, gay music, and a carefree atmosphere you'll wish you could live in forever.

But do come—now—this is the year to visit marvelous Mexico!



MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL
MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST DEPARTMENT
Dept. V-1, 2 East 55th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me illustrated literature on Mexico.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____



BARGAINS IN CHIC

Beige and white paled for spring



Supple silky beige overblouse dress. The overblouse is tabbed, welted, cut like a shirt. It drops low on the hips over a slim skirt. By Carlye; misses and junior sizes. Of acetate; $55. De Pinna. Eugenie Buchner pin. The gloves by Dawnelle. Hat by Emme.

White suit with its own blouse. The narrow-sleeved jacket is worn open over a face-powder mauve sleeveless silk overblouse tied at the waist. By Merv Newell of wool and nylon. About $80. At Frederick & Nelson. Richelieu necklace. Halston hat to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The gloves: by Kislav.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Supple elegance

"Slimlook" all-in-one, elegant and beautiful, to mold a lovely figure. Now with straps that stretch to give ease and grace to every movement. The straps have disciplined stretch that holds the bustline firmly and won't cut, curl or twist. With zipper, white and black, B, C, and D cup, $25. Pull-on, white, B and C cup, $16.50. The Strouse, Adler Company, New Haven, Connecticut.

Smoothie® "Slimlook"®

with STRETCH-AND-HOLD straps



MONET, MASTER JEWELER, CREATES THE "FANFARE" COLLECTION NECKLACE, $18.50. MATCHING EARRINGS, $5. BRACELET, NOT SHOWN, $12.50. PLUS TAX. AT THE FINEST STORES.

jewelry in the golden manner of Monet

DUPONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living...*through Chemistry*

Step into tomorrow...

Napped shoe with buckle, by Stanley Philipson



Striped napped pump by D'Antonio

Scoff at scuffs!



Cut-out pump by Newton Elkin

Wipe and wear!



Pump with bow by Julianelli

Wink at weather!



All in CORFAM (Clockwise from top): Red pump, Howard Fox; smoky beige spectator, I. Miller; napped-and-smooth cutout pump, Martinique; navy sling, De Liso Debs.

Keep the new-shoe look longer in Du Pont's remarkable new material...

CORFAM®

Forget everything you ever knew about shoes. CORFAM is a poromeric—a totally new, totally different Du Pont material for shoe uppers.*

It's breathable. It's breath-taking. It's soft, mellow, pliable. It's like nothing you've ever worn on your feet before.

With your first shoes of CORFAM you step into tomorrow, where your shoes keep the new-shoe look longer.

Where your shoes catch up with the easy-care world of man-made materials.

Where you laugh at weather and almost forget about scuffs, scars, cuts and mars.

Where "breaking-in" goes the way of the button-hook.

Where you rinse-and-run, wipe-and-wear ...without fuss. Of course, you can polish if you wish.

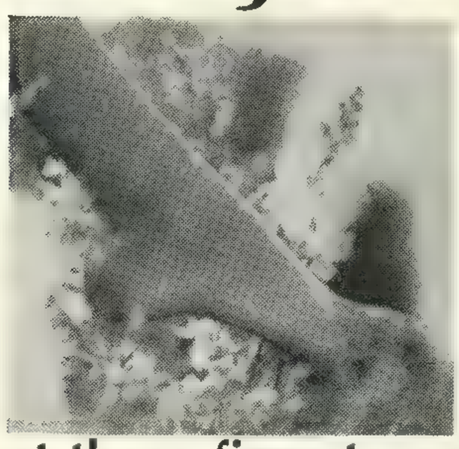
Where a new word, "CORFAM," describes porous, light, breathable comfort such as you've never known before. A properly fitted shoe of CORFAM holds your foot gently and flexes with it.

CORFAM, the world's first poromeric, gives you all this...plus a unique memory for its original foot-hugging shape. CORFAM is here! The most fabulous thing that ever happened to feet. Get to know CORFAM for yourself. For nothing else compares with it. You'll find incomparable CORFAM now in exciting shoe fashions at your kind of store. Turn the page for a list of them.

*CORFAM is Du Pont's registered trademark for its poromeric shoe upper material.

Step into tomorrow with new Du Pont

CORFAM®



...at these fine stores

ATLANTA, GA.	J. P. Allen Davison's
BALTIMORE, MD.	Hess Shoes Hochschild, Kohn I. Miller Salons
BOSTON, MASS.	Filene's I. Miller, Guild House Jordan Marsh
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co. I. Miller Salons
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Pogue's Potter's Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	The Halle Bros. Co. Higbee's The May Company I. Miller Salons
DALLAS, TEXAS	Volk Bros. Company
DENVER, COLO.	Fontius Shoe Company Neusteters May-D&F
DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's
KANSAS CITY, MO.	Harzfeld's Robinson's Woolf Brothers
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.	J. W. Robinson The May Company, California
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	Imperial Shoe Store
NEW YORK, N.Y.	B. Altman & Co. Bloomingdale's I. Miller Salons
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	John Wanamaker Strawbridge & Clothier Bonwit Teller I. Miller Salons
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Joseph Horne Co. Kaufmann's
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Famous-Barr Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Stix, Baer & Fuller
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.	City of Paris The Emporium, Downtown Sommer & Kaufmann The White House
SEATTLE, WASH.	The Bon Marche Nordstrom's
WASHINGTON, D.C.	The Hecht Company Woodward & Lothrop I. Miller Salons
WILMINGTON, DEL.	John Wanamaker Storm's Shoes, Inc. Strawbridge & Clothier

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

BARGAINS IN CHIC

Two for now—the knitted shift,
the black overblouse dress



Ribbed navy-blue dress—like a long sweater—knitted with a mist of white. It's turtlenecked, sleeveless, follows this spring's lankiest young figures. By Murial Ryan, of Orlon. Junior sizes. $18. At Best & Co. Gloves by Fownes.

Black crêpe overblouse dress that's put together like a suit. The overblouse has a round flat collar, a long buttoned shirttab, bloused, banded sleeves. Fill the neck with bogus pearls and wear it almost anywhere. Dress, with scarf (not shown), by Minx Modes; junior and misses sizes. Of acetate-and-rayon crêpe; $30. At Mr. Ephram. Fuchs gloves. Oleg Cassini hat.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



FOR TOTAL FASHION EFFECT
BEGIN WITH THE RIGHT SLIP

This versatile slip is as unique as its French name, "Fond de Robe." Its airy, double nylon sheer construction and deep V back provide smart underlining for today's fashions. Wide set straps and decolette lace bodice are distinctively Continental. In white, cameo and black; average and short.....$10.95 at B. Altman & Co. and branches, New York; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles.

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



Rome did not appoint these Italian ambassadors to the Caribbean

(Incres Line did—for year-round Cruises)

As you cruise the Caribbean waters on the all-first-class VICTORIA, you'll appreciate these Italian ambassadors of a different stripe . . . the service stripe! Friendly, helpful, experienced, they are truly gracious ambassadors of Italian hospitality. Their credentials are an inimitable Italian flair that makes the ship's elegance come alive for you. Their reward is the pleasure they take in pleasing you. They're the chief ingredient of the VICTORIA's renown as the ultimate in luxury. . . doing full justice to her magnificent public rooms, her spacious decks with 2 swimming pools, her consistently superior accommodations (all staterooms have private bathrooms, over 90% are outside). They're at your service on the Caribbean the year round...on the ship designed expressly for Caribbean cruising!

The m/s VICTORIA Caribbean Cruise Program Continues Thru the Springtime! APRIL 4, 11 Days, 4 Ports • APRIL 17, 9 Days, 2 Ports • APRIL 26, 11 Days, 4 Ports • MAY 8, 13 Days, 5 Ports • MAY 22, 9 Days, 2 Ports • MAY 31, 12 Days, 5 Ports • JUNE 13, 13 Days, 5 Ports • Thereafter, Summer Cruises to Labor Day. **Reserve promptly! See your travel agent now!**

M/S VICTORIA

CARIBBEAN CRUISES WITH AN ITALIAN FLAIR



See your travel agent now!

Incres Line
CRUISES BEYOND COMPARE

39 B'way, New York 6, N. Y.
DI 4-1900

FREE! Write for new revised edition of our famous Caribbean Guide! No matter how you plan to go, you'll find it an invaluable aid in planning your vacation.

Incres Line, 39 B'way, N. Y. 6 V10

Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of your 20-page "Things to Know Before You Go" Caribbean Guide.

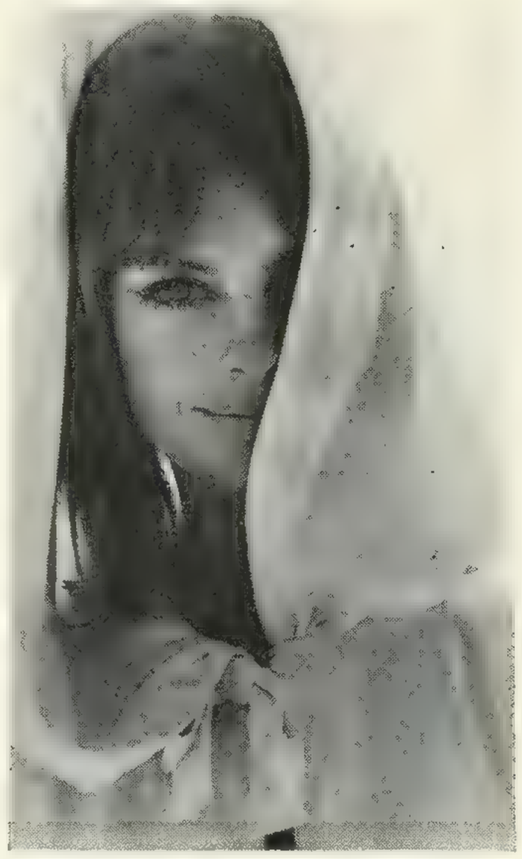
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Face trouble-shooting: the great white way



Just a little bit of white can go a great distance in bringing a face up to par. A little white down the nose bone. A little white framing the eye—behind the upper lashes, under the eyebrow peak. White to fill in the creases—under eye, over mouth, on forehead, in neck. . . . White in what shape? It could be Germaine Monteil's new Secret Light, a frothy white "illumination base" that apparently owes its illuminating quality to Germaine Monteil's Lumium, a light-reflecting discovery. Among its trouble-shooting possibilities: softening shadows, brightening eyes, camouflaging droopy lines, taking the pressure off errant features—e.g., put a little just above the tip of a too-long nose. Used overall—the face, neck, and shoulders—either as make-up or over make-up—Secret Light delivers a no-secret glow. All of this first aid for the face comes in a plump tube at Bloomingdale's.

Bath oil with ulterior motive

All the good offices that bath oils perform are well-known to bath oil buffs (a segment of the population that grows, grows, grows). The way it gentles and perfumes the skin, the way its definite fragrance sends out the message that somebody who knows what she's doing has just bathed here. A bath oil that offers even more would seem almost an embarrassment of riches, but one there is, and its cause, you might say, is anti-embarrassment. Its name is Olgon—pronounced All Gone—and therein is a clue to its singular virtue. Involved in a natty recipe is a deodorant that coats a body all over, neck to toe, and keeps a body safe and soundly free of *that* little problem for up to twenty-five hours, according to the laboratory reports we see here before us. That's Olgon's ulterior motive, and we are all in favour. Bonwit Teller; Rich's.



Overheard... Oleg Cassini's hosiery advice to fashionable Carol Lawrence

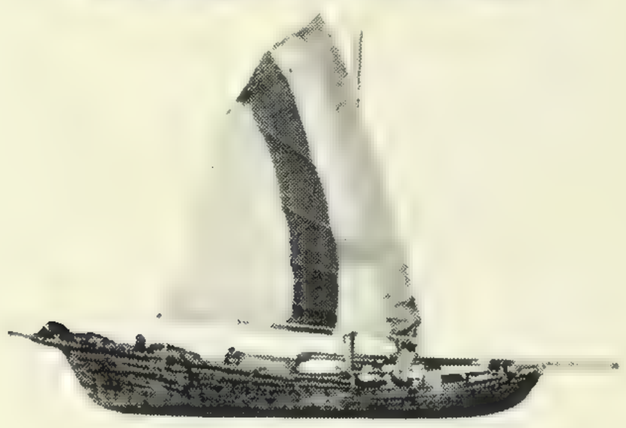
He is revealing Spring's most exciting hosiery news . . . an inspired achievement in sheer feminine leg covering . . . with true couturier elegance . . . with fashion correctness in color and fit. You, too, can step into the world of high fashion with Oleg Cassini luxury seamless stockings. They cost only $1.19 and $1.29 per pair. Exclusive at leading stores.



finer seamless stockings by Oleg Cassini 630 Fifth Ave., New York

At *Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.*, Rochester; *Adam, Meldrum & Anderson*, Buffalo; *Martin's*, Brooklyn; *Hochschild-Kohn*, Baltimore; *Erie Dry Goods Co.*, Erie; and other fine stores.

HONG KONG. WHERE THE TWAIN MEET



by Peter Griffith

Hong Kong, rightly called the "Pearl of the Orient," is the meeting point and the melting pot of East and West. It abounds with fascinating contrasts, artistic and traditional, architectural and gastronomic. And nowhere are these contrasts more striking than in the new Hongkong Hilton. This magnificent hotel combines a thoroughly oriental atmosphere with all the comforts of Hilton . . . air-conditioned luxury and authentic oriental decor . . . perfect local and international cuisine . . . friendly Hilton service.

Eagle's eye view of the harbor of harbors

The Hongkong Hilton towers over the heart of the city. From its 25th floor Eagle's Nest Supper Club you get a breathtaking view of the world's most fascinating harbor, studded with islands, surrounded by lush green mountains and packed with steamers and sampans, lighters, junks and wallah-wallahs. You can explore it all in the Hongkong Hilton's own 110-foot luxury brigantine "Wan Fu" . . . see the floating city of 140,000 sampan-dwellers . . . cruise to a quaint Chinese fishing village with the fine old Scottish name of Aberdeen, where you'll dine deliciously at a floating sea food restaurant.

Pleasures all around

The Hongkong Hilton is right in the middle of everything you'll want to see and do. A few steps from its entrance is the famous tramway to Victoria Peak, highest point on the island (the lowest is right in the hotel—an exotic underground bar called "The Den"). The Star Ferry to Kowloon is just a short



walk away. A few minutes drive will take you to the magnificent golf courses at Shek-O and Deep Water Bay, to several glorious beaches for water-skiing, fishing or just plain basking; to the Happy Valley Race Course; to the bizarre and fantastic Tiger Balm Gardens. And right in the hotel (on the fourth floor) you can swim in a superb 80-foot roof-garden pool, surrounded by lanai suites, or wander in the beautiful oriental garden.



Gourmet's Paradise

The food at Hongkong Hilton is perfection, whether you order Char Shu Peen or Clam Chowder, Hong Shu Har Kew or Ham and eggs. And the restaurants offer you a staggering variety. The Steak House is staunchly American. The Jade Lotus Room is richly oriental. The Eagle's Nest Supper Club offers you superb continental cuisine with dancing, top-level entertainment and, of course, that fabulous view. Perhaps the most exotic spot of all is the Dragon Boat Bar, which means what it says—the bar is a replica of one of the amazingly colorful Chinese Dragon Boats.

Bargain-hunter's dream

A rich variety of bargains awaits you, too. The free port of Hong Kong is one of the world's finest shopping centers—and fifty of its finest shops have branches in the Hongkong Hilton's two story arcade. Here you'll find everything you can think of—and



probably more. Rooms start as low as $10 a day, single, $14 double. Not much for the finest hotel in the East.

Plan your oriental Odyssey now. Write for color brochures and full details to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (See phone book). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON



Some works of art can be a part of your gracious way of life...

Gorham Sterling is a work of art you can enjoy for a lifetime in your own home.

It not only symbolizes your good taste, but adds so much to the gracious life you've achieved.

More women choose Gorham designs than those of any other silver maker. Notice the exquisite artistry of each piece . . . sculptured with consummate skill. These are flawlessly beautiful masterpieces in sterling!

See the beauty of these timeless Gorham designs at all fine stores where precious sterling is sold.

GORHAM STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



GORHAM 32-PIECE SERVICES-FOR-EIGHT RANGE FROM $200 TO $312 FTI., SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE / LEFT TO RIGHT: MELROSE • BUTTERCUP • FAIRFAX • KING EDWARD • STRASBOURG.



Sculptured for Spring for you

beautifully bared...celestial softness that pampers...

soft leathers in colors, serenely poised on fascinating heels.

A—"Lattice"...Buttercup, Bisque or Pool Blue Kafalope with matching frosted calf trim...

B—"Embrace"...in black patent leather—matte calf trim or white lightning patent leather—bisque frosted calf trim.

Tweedies®

for nearest dealer, write: Tweedie Footwear Corporation, Jefferson City, Mo.



The knowing host serves Great Western

It's the well-bred champagne—an honored member of weddings, christenings and every kind of distinguished gathering for over 100 years. Honored, too, by six European medals of excellence—and a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. Serve it with confidence. Sip it with delight!

Great Western

NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

St. Anton am Arlberg—a snowball's throw from the IXth Olympic Winter Games at Innsbruck, Austria



1

While Innsbruck flowed with Olympic teams, in the loftier, smaller village of St. Anton, people switched between The Games and The Galzigbahn—i.e., the cable car that wafts skiers high to the Valluga where runs run fast on great open slopes. For the big Olympic events—downhill and slalom races, ski jumping, and ice hockey pools—St. Anton people curled down to Innsbruck by train, returning to their tight snowy calm by twilight. Although after-ski life in St. Anton may be slightly less than calm—parties at private chalets, dinner perhaps at Haus Knoll or at the Tannenhof (where turtle soup comes in small coffee cups)—the skiers, young, strong, and healthy, are on the slopes ready to *wedeln* by nine every morning.



2



3



4



5



6

1. St. Anton am Arlberg with its onion-domed church, the Pfarrkirche. 2. Vicomtesse de Ribes, *centre,* with her children, Jean and Elisabeth. The De Ribeses, who own a chalet in St. Anton, are all swift, serious skiers. 3. Miss Gloria Loewenthal-Chlumecky, daughter of the Austrian Ambassador to Rome, on Gampen, half way up to the Kapall. 4. Mrs. Robert F. Miller of Paris and San Francisco. 5. Mrs. Thomas Kempner of New York. 6. Miss Justine Cushing, of Squaw Valley, California, making a kick turn. 7. Before a forest of ski poles and skis, Baroness Haymerle, wife of the Austrian Ambassador to Moscow. 8. A family of skiers, Mr. and Mrs. Miguel Carcano, *centre,* with their daughters, Isabel, *right,* and Maria-Inés.



7

8



START TODAY
TO END
DRY SKIN
WITH
HELENA
RUBINSTEIN'S
SKIN DEW®
THE
CONTINUOUS
MOISTURIZER

SO
DEWY LIGHT,
YOU'LL
WEAR IT ALL
THE TIME
ESPECIALLY
UNDER
MAKE-UP!

GIVES YOUR
SKIN A FRESH
DEWY LOOK!



3.00, 5.00 and 8.50





Helena Rubinstein®

© 1964, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC.
PRICES PLUS TAX 43464



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

The moment for the mouche

When it comes to wearing a velvety beauty spot or mouche—an idea that surges up in fashion from time to time—there is, it suddenly seems, no time like the present. What's brought it back now, we hardly need tell you, is the fashion for coquetry. (Same spirit that put black lace stockings on the map again; same instinct that brought on the tiribaci, or lovelock, and got guiches coiled for action once more.) How mouches are finding their places on some of the faces you see photographed in Vogue is this way: a dab of charcoal-brown or black eye pencil, or a little velours appliqué (a packet of the latter with an assortment of stars, polka dots, crescents, diamonds, and even a lovebird: findable at some of the trovier department stores and boutique pharmacies). In the matter of finding the best locale for the mouche, sometimes we place it directly above the corner of the mouth; sometimes high on a cheekbone, a diagonal inch from the eye. . . .

Face smoothers: do they really work?

Some beauty preparations tell you instantly how well they work for you. Eye make-up, lipstick, foundations, rouges, for instance, keep you in suspense not at all—you can see exactly what they're up to in a matter of seconds. But when it comes to judging invisible beauty aids, there is, actually, only one sure way to tell, and that's by the half-face test: use of a given preparation on one side of the face, non-use on the other. The system works admirably in the case of the special clear beauty glazes that go on faces before make-up. Meant to hold off —by buffer action on a temporary basis—the look of wrinkles, these can be subjected to the half-face test that should give you an answer in a few hours. Although versions of the wrinkle-glaze have been around for as long as five years, 1964 will be the year they'll make their name, we predict. (For one thing, more and more cosmetics makers are going into them.) Most recent is Helene Curtis's "Magic Secret" (reported in February 1 Vogue). Earlier versions still very much in action, are Jacqueline Cochran's Firmup (five years old), Skin Life masque by Helena Rubinstein (one year old), and Contourfilm by Cyclax (also in U.S. circulation for about a year). Each takes a slightly different approach to the problem at hand—but the effectiveness of the idea is something you *can* judge for yourself in a very brief séance.

The latest on the fittest

Here are the figures. Of the famous RCAF exercise manual, something like a million-and-a-half copies have been sold to date. For people who like to live their exercises, book stores palpitate with how-to yoga books; there's a yoga record. Tai Chi, the ancient Chinese system for exercise-by-image, is in print now (you can "Carry Tiger to Mountain" and "Step Back and Repulse Monkey"—both, little old everyday tasks for coordination). . . . Schools all over the country list courses in the art of movement in everyday life (The New School for Social Research has Beginners' and Advanced sections). . . . The Beautiful People everywhere exercise daily via bicycles, weights, calisthenics, thought (see pages 48 to 57, this issue), and Jules Glaenzer, the dashing ("I'm older than God, you can say") director of Cartier, Inc., has sold ever so many of them on *his* system, which is to wear an immense pair of snorkel-and-fin gloves on his hands while doing regulation setting-up exercises on dry land. . . . Dry-land exercises under water, meanwhile, are done by men on U.S. atomic submarines with the muscle-toning Relax-A-cizor machine. . . . Exercise is for extremists? Faddists? Narcissists? The shoe is on the other cult, it seems to us. . . .

kiss me kate®

For part gamin, part poet, the pristine look: silhouette sculptured of white cotton Bullseye pique with doubly-buttoned front panel. In 3 - 3x and 3 - 6x about $8.00 . . . 7 - 12, about $9.00*.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, NEW YORK
RICH'S, Atlanta
HUTZLER'S, Baltimore
C. CRAWFORD HOLLIDGE, Boston
EMERY, BIRD, THAYER, Kansas City
BUFFUMS', Long Beach
JOHN GERBER, Memphis
T. A. CHAPMAN, Milwaukee
BONWIT TELLER, Oak Brook, Illinois
KATHRYN LIPES, Oklahoma City
JOS. HORNE, Pittsburgh
FROST'S, San Antonio
MACY'S, San Francisco
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.
Or for the store in your city write: Kate Greenaway, 1333 Broadway, New York, 10018
*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

KATE
GREENAWAY





Nightdresses sewn with a silver needle: this is the long-famous Saab at work, and this is the premise. The softest nylon georgette falls most softly. The sheerest French lace appliqued with embroidery flatters best. Hems must end in scalloping like tiny pearls. Choose pink or blue flowers from a collection that includes chemises, slips, petticoats and bedjackets. $15 to $20. Elizabeth Arden, all salons; Montaldo's, all stores and Doop's; I. Magnin, all stores; and other fine stores across the country.

Saab LINGERIE

A. N. Saab Co., Inc. 135 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Mascara on mascara: the more is more theory

The principle that one is not enough has seen its way through foundation on foundation, powder on powder, lipstick on lipstick. The results have been a whole new masterly dimension in make-up. Now the company that was first to come up with pressed-powder eye shadow with applicator brush has another first with colour-on-colour mascara. Aziza's Tone-on-Tone is a mascara wand with black as its basic colour, and either blue, green, violet, gold, or brown as its second colour. Soft lights pick up the second colour and the lashes glimmer with mysterious highlights. Aziza suggests Tone-on-Tone as the climactic move in an eye make-up program that proceeds in this sequence: "Bright Eyes" Medicated Eye Drops to clear the eyes and restore whiteness; pencil-and-brush eyebrow shaping and definition; eye shadow; lid-liner; finally, mascara. All of these Aziza eye-lighters can be found at Arnold Constable.

Soap by another name— does it smell as sweet?

You can see through them—the cleanser cakes on the marketplace that do not want to be known as soap. Like soap, they come in bars that refresh, they lather, and yes, they smell as sweet. Unlike the average soap, they combine the therapeutic properties of a special cream with the wash-me-clean properties of soap—and they're as transparently inviting as spring water shot with gold. One of these multi-facetted beauties, Gelée de Beauté by Charles Blair, comes in an aromatic, amber-coloured, translucent mound that addresses itself in one formulation to dry and normal skin, in another to oily and troubled skins. Either way, Gelée de Beauté has a soothing agent to speed the repair of nicks and small abrasions; a bactericide to murder germs; an ability to lather up a storm even in hard water; astringent components for face-tingling; a way of cleaning marvellously without leaving memories in the pores; the residue of a bit of invisible film that does guard duty as a moisturizer. These paragon cakes come by the box of 3 at Henri Bendel; Abraham & Straus.

It's great country for Dan River

There's a new way to look always fresh and lovely in sportswear. Dan River fabrics. Nothing daunts them. And they're so carefree. The beautiful examples here are a blithe blend of 50% Celanese Fortrel® Polyester and 50% combed cotton. Wrinkl-Shed* for supreme wash and wear, ease of care. There's nothing quite like these remarkable fabrics for travel, for work, for play. (Or what are you doing today?)

You don't care for Dan River fabrics.
They care for themselves.

Wash & Wear Fabrics by **DAN RIVER**



*Reg. TM for Dan River Mills' Wrinkle-Resistant Fabrics. All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia. Fortrel is Reg. TM of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Bikini
calfskin

The softest touch in town



So soft . . . so feminine . . . in a word, *caressable*.

Right now, we wouldn't need another word if you could touch it.

Feel the difference in beautiful footwear fashioned from Bikini Calf.

In an unquestionably exciting array of colors and fashions . . . at fine stores throughout the country. Lawrence Leathers.

Peabody, Massachusetts.



WHERE YOU CAN BUY SHOES OF BIKINI CALFSKIN — SEE LAST PAGE

Cameo never forgets what a woman's stockings are for.

If all your stockings do is hold your garters down, forget them! Get a stocking that knows what it's about. The Little Nothing™ by Cameo, in Du Pont's new Cantrece.® You'll be amazed that anything so absolutely nothing can do so much: Look so sheer. Feel so light. Cling so beguilingly. They give your legs a matte finish that's as flattering as candlelight is to your face. Keep your eyes open for them. They come in a new little box. Look like funny little nothings till you put them on. Then the fun begins!

The Little Nothing by Cameo in new Cantrece, 1.65.





Light as a breeze... whisper-soft for spring

A touch of warmth to greet fresh breezes. A touch of gold and white to match your spring fever mood.

Designed in shape-conscious foam by Originala, Inc., this style-setting coat, part of the Fortezza Group, is alligator-patterned nylon in soft, soft white. It's double-breasted, with a yoke back, shirtwaist cuffs, and four bright gold buttons. The special style-setting secret of the coat? A foam laminate made with Du Pont HYLENE*. This fashionable foam makes every coat warm as June, light as air. What a lighthearted way to welcome in the spring!

About $200 in fine stores everywhere.

**Du Pont's registered trademark for its organic isocyanates*

DUPONT

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

FEBRUARY 15, 1964
VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW: EVE AND THE APPLE



Here's an Eve who knows what an apple is for. Like this issue of Vogue, it's for fitness—the kind that's achieved through exercise. This one goes this way: tip your head back; dangle an apple over it. Hold your arms down, shoulders relaxed. Use only the muscles of the throat and neck—and pull, pull, pull towards the apple. It's the reddest, roundest, most succulent apple in the world; yearn for it; reach for it; really bite into it. No real apple required, naturally. But from New York, California, Rome (where it's caught on like a new fun dance), the word is: results are delicious—stronger-looking throats; necks visibly longer and supple; and a good firm tone to the band of muscles under the chin. Which brings us, irresistibly, to the charming line of throat at right. Its owner is the beautiful young Florentine, Nicoletta Rangoni Machiavelli, descendant of the fascinating Niccolò, and an actress up for the plummiest (apple-iest?) movie rôle in years—Eve, in the Dino De Laurentiis epic, *The Bible*, with John Huston directing. The diamonds on the apple of her eye here: a pin like a butterfly, from Bulgari.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

WHAT THE

LITHE IN A LEOTARD: MRS. CHARLES ENGELHARD, JR., PROTOTYPE OF THE BEAUTIES WHOSE VERVE AND GOOD LOOKS START WITH FITNESS.

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ARE DOING

TO KEEP FIT...
STAY LITHE...
FEEL MARVELLOUS

DAN BUDNIK



DAN BUDNIK

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

MRS. CHARLES ENGELHARD'S EXHILARATING RÉGIME FOR KEEPING A GLORIOUS FIGURE LEADING A WONDERFUL LIFE

"Feeling well has a *terrific* amount to do with how you cope with life," said Mrs. Engelhard, a black-eyed, deeply intelligent charmer, with a warm, rushing voice and an engaging gift for coping with anything as if riding out a crisis were as effortless as accepting a glass of champagne. . . . With her it's a gift that depends on a refreshing, apparently boundless capacity for enjoyment, an open pleasure and generosity that transcends the hard facts of organization and a rich vein of self-discipline. Married to Charles Engelhard, Jr., an industrialist, she manages five far-flung households—from South Africa, to New Jersey, Florida, an apartment in Manhattan, to the Gaspé; a calendar packed with travel, committee work, entertaining and being entertained; and five children whose ages rocket from eight to twenty-three. Six days a week she's up before half-past seven; on Sunday she loafs till nine. On all non-Sundays, wherever she is, she starts the morning with a brisk, rhythmic run-through of twenty-seven exercises. Never ten, never twenty-two; if the uninterrupted hour she considers ideal is absolutely out of the question, she trims the number of times allotted to each exercise, never the start-to-finish routine, which is usually done with the record-player spinning—Peter Duchin, show tunes, Nat King Cole. . . . Some years ago Mrs. Engelhard had a go at yoga, but finding it more strenuous than reviving, she switched to Elizabeth Arden, where she developed her present régime. Nobody seems quite sure now whether it was Arden or Garbo who first put her on to using weights—weighted shoes for legwork, dumbbells for arms—but her plainly sensational legs and extraordinary tapered arms are clear proof that it was a great idea. . . . None of the exercises is designed to leave her feeling anything but refreshed ("you must never feel tired"); nothing for weight loss. She eats sensibly (no sauces, plenty of protein), walks every day, almost never has time for a nap. Instead she stretches out à la "beauty angle" for half an hour before dinner, then has a cup of tea and two teaspoons of honey, a nerve-bracer she picked up from the Vermont folk-medicine kick. To exercise she attributes not only her phenomenal energy and the steady flow of euphoria, but also her strong nerves. When she told us about a recent African safari during which she was awakened by her husband's voice saying, "Don't move"—and she didn't until the elephant wafting his trunk a few inches from her face made off in the right direction—we believed her.

Right: Mrs. Engelhard, photographed by Cecil Beaton in her black leotard. *Above:* Six quick glimpses of her exercise run-through beside the pool at Cragwood, the Engelhards' place in Far Hills, New Jersey. (The relaxed spectators: Big Bear, a sooty Newfoundland; Blue Tick, a coon hunter; and Tiger the Pekingese.) At the top of the page: Posture work with a hoop; the torso stretch. Below: Flexing and extending arms and legs in the "beauty angle" position; more torso stretching—great for the waist and upper hip.

CECIL BEATON





SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL

Left: Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island is a track man—he ran with some distinction at Princeton, still racks up the same number of laps at a go, "but increasingly slower." As often as he can manage the time—certainly once a week—he runs at Western High School in Georgetown between nine and ten in the morning or from five to six in the evening, wearing, as he does in this photograph, his father's old Harvard sweater. During Washington's cold snaps he has occasionally been spotted with a big wool cape flying bravely in the breeze behind him. *Below:* Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon once taught English and phys. ed. in the public schools, works out when she can in the women's gym on the Hill, often bicycles along the old tow path beside the abandoned C & O Barge Canal. She drives to the point where her bike is stored, wheels it on to a barge, then—using the hand ropes—pulls herself across to the tow path. . . . The author of *Smoke Screen: Tobacco and the Public Welfare,* a concise, straight-talking book very vividly in the news now, she has in the works at the moment a bill requiring specific warnings about nicotine on cigarette packages and in tobacco advertisements.

SENATOR MAURINE NEUBERGER

PETER BEARD



MADAME HERVÉ ALPHAND CYCLING WITH HER NIECE, JACQUELINE PICTET

CHARLES HARBUTT

VOGUE, February 15, 1964



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

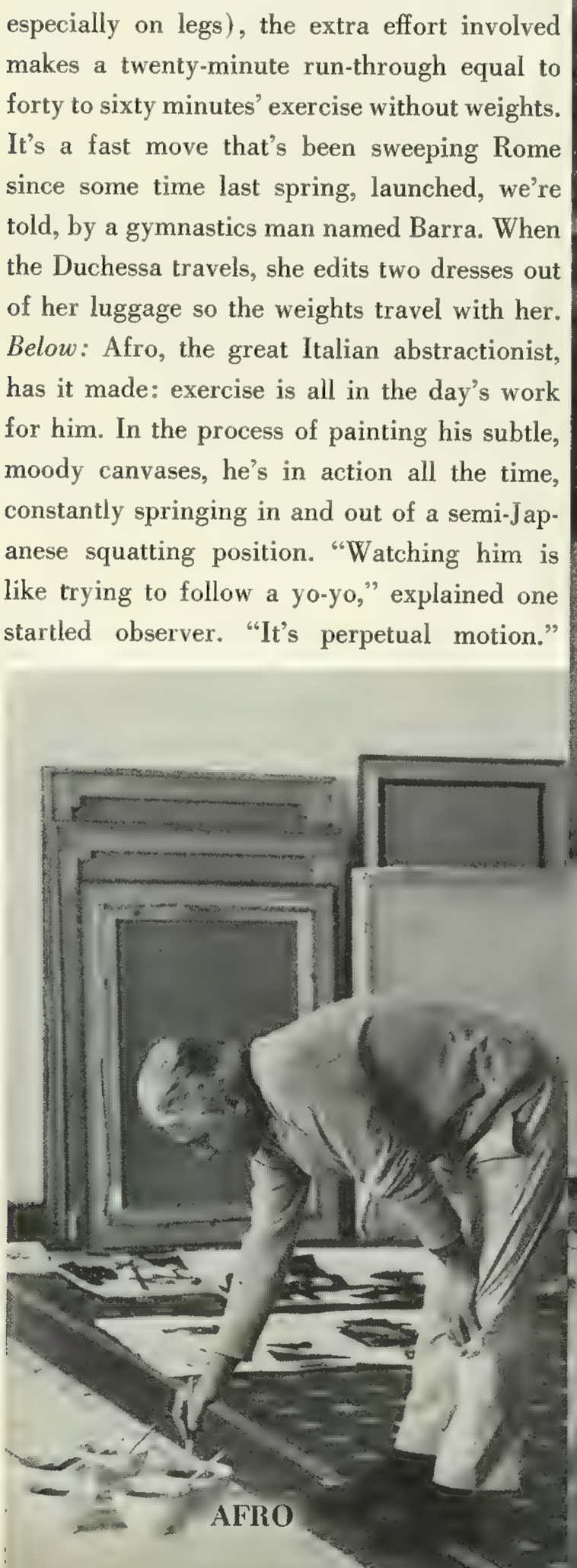
THE BOOM FOR FITNESS IN WASHINGTON

The feeling for exercise runs high in Washington where, apparently, politics make for plenty of action. Right in there with the renaissance of push-ups is the National Council on Physical Fitness with its red-white-and-blue paperbook, *Adult Physical Fitness—A Program for Men and Women*, a thirty-five-cent smash issued by the Government Printing Office—"even the elderly, the inactive, and the overweight can perform these exercises." There's an upswing in workouts at the Washington gyms—one in the Senate building with special hours for our two women senators; more concentration on the early morning tennis matches; some talk of founding an exercise club . . . and at least one ambassador from the north countries has his own Finnish sauna bath. *Above:* Mme. Alphand, the radiant blond wife of the French Ambassador, Hervé Alphand, and her sixteen-year-old niece, Jacqueline Pictet, whipping through Washington on their snappy chartreuse bicycles. As one bystander remarked, "they wheel around with the expertise of school boys playing hooky and having a marvellous time." Mme. Alphand—who would ski or swim if she had the time—also pursues a regular five-times-a-week exercise plan: breathing and relaxing based loosely on Yoga (she learned this from a Parisian who lived for years in India); hip rolls, push-ups, arm and leg extensions; and the standard ballet barre—for this she uses the closet door in her bedroom instead of a barre. . . . Anyone who has seen her move across a room, gloriously erect and glowing with vitality, might have guessed she works at being *très en forme*—except that it all seems so delightfully unstudied.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

THE WEIGHTED FOOT, JUMPING, PAINTING, LIMBERING, AND MEDITATION

Right: Duchessa Mirta Riario Sforza, one of the blondest Italian beauties, can dance—divinely—until six in the morning without showing a glimmer of fatigue. Part of the secret: she exercises consistently, day in, day out, with weights made of four pounds of lead bullets quilted into canvas. Aside from the fact that exercising this way gives a lovely tapering line to arms and legs (she concentrates especially on legs), the extra effort involved makes a twenty-minute run-through equal to forty to sixty minutes' exercise without weights. It's a fast move that's been sweeping Rome since some time last spring, launched, we're told, by a gymnastics man named Barra. When the Duchessa travels, she edits two dresses out of her luggage so the weights travel with her. *Below:* Afro, the great Italian abstractionist, has it made: exercise is all in the day's work for him. In the process of painting his subtle, moody canvases, he's in action all the time, constantly springing in and out of a semi-Japanese squatting position. "Watching him is like trying to follow a yo-yo," explained one startled observer. "It's perpetual motion."



AFRO

DUCHESSA MIRTA RIARIO SFORZA

HENRY CLARKE



MRS. ALFRED BLOOMINGDALE

CECIL BEATON

Above: Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale has the kind of long-limbed, slender figure that makes fashion out of clothes—and she plans to keep it that way, firm, supple, erect. She does ten exercises every morning the instant she's out of bed. To dodge "woggley" legs she wears pound-apiece men's shoes plus iron "boots" that add two pounds per foot. This is for sitting on the edge of a desk or diving board (she lives in Los Angeles), raising each leg slowly, then relaxing. Twice a month her teacher, Michael Abrums, checks in to review her progress.



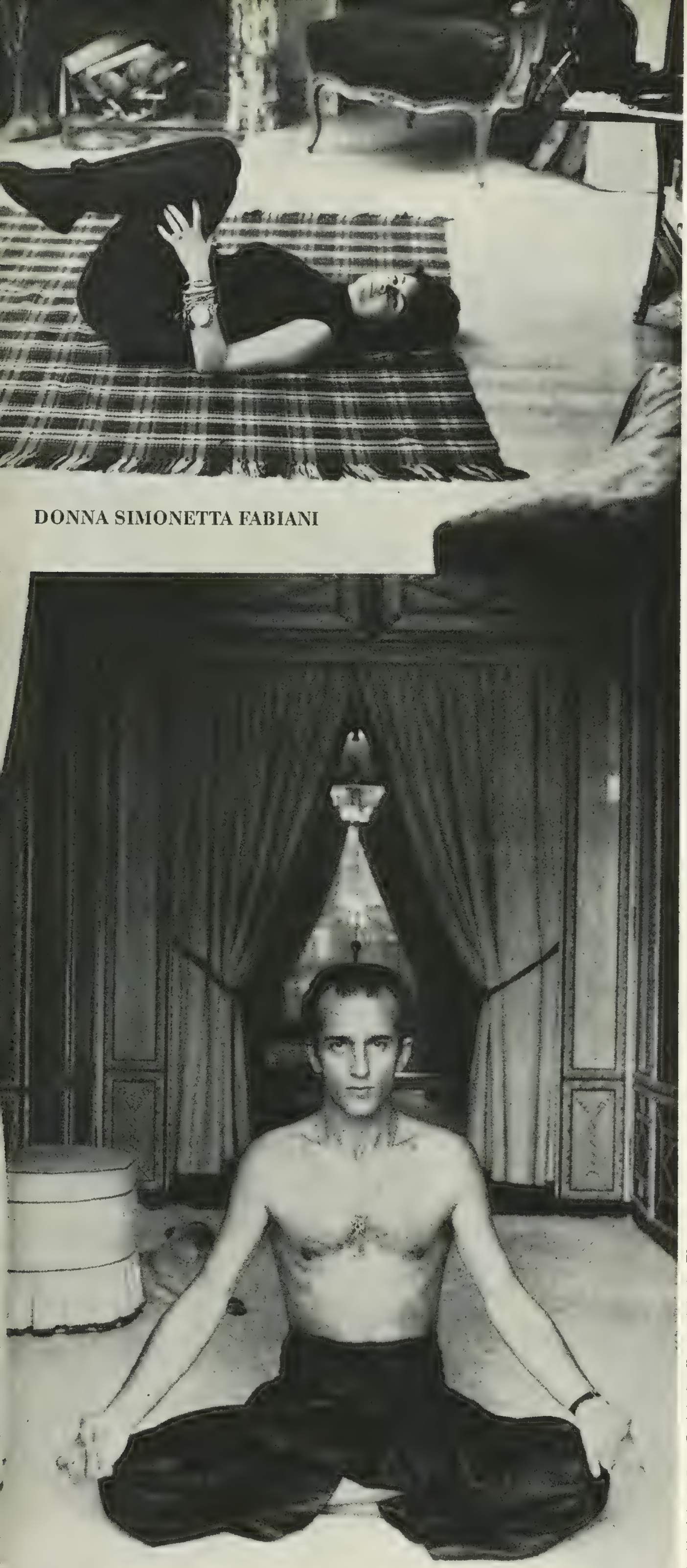
SUSAN HAMPSHIRE

DMITRI KASTERINE

Above: Susan Hampshire, a delightful young British actress—blond and arrow-narrow—limbers up in Richmond Park very early in the morning and, like many London theatre people, is fascinated by the pursuit of serenity and self-knowledge through yoga. . . . To be seen here soon: Susan Hampshire in that unserene movie, *Night Must Fall*, with Albert Finney. *Left:* The Earl of Lichfield, godson of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, takes his exercise much as he learned it in the Grenadier Guards—daily jumping, sprinting in Hyde Park, very often to the chilled beat of a London rain. In really "appalling" weather, he falls back on press-ups vigorously executed in the studio where he works as a professional photographer.



THE EARL OF LICHFIELD



DONNA SIMONETTA FABIANI

PRINCE ALESSANDRO RUSPOLI

Left: Simonetta, the fiery Italian designer who, with her husband Alberto Fabiani, maintains ateliers in Paris and in Rome, invented her own *esercizi ginnici.* "In the morning I stretch like a cat—I never eat anything for breakfast, only tea with lemon." Then to the mat, wearing a wool jump suit and little ankle boots she designed herself. The two exercises she does most are "lying on the floor and up the legs like a bicycle or touching the feet behind the head for stomach and hips" and a non-stop arm-stretch—"you stretch up as if to catch something in the air, very good for when your upper arm gets floppy and *fatigué.* . . . If I feel really tired and demoralized, I go out and dance and dance all night—it's the only thing that makes me feel better." *Left, below:* Prince Alessandro Ruspoli has been interested for the past fifteen years in Oriental philosophies; he has studied in Bangkok, and—not surprisingly—his exercises are based on yoga, especially the breathing. He also works out with barbells on a special table he designed. *Right:* Anouk Aimée, the French actress who played the wife-who-survived-a-harem in the movie, "8½," is still young and supple enough to take a faintly casual attitude about exercise . . . but she's beginning to concentrate, to have lessons. In this photograph she is tackling barbells. *Far right:* Cecil Beaton, whose towering nonchalance veils driving, unsparing energy, maintains that cheating on exercise gives him the feeling he's shrinking. His program is strenuous—somersaults, sprinting, plenty of stretching and leg-flexing, learned from Miss Charlotte Gaffran, a London physiotherapist, who says, with professional acumen, "He feels the work in his back and thinks I specialize in backs. But somebody else may think I specialize in knees."

HENRY CLARKE

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

BAR BELLS, STRETCHING, SOMERSAULTS, AND YOGA: FOUR SLANTS ON FITNESS A FEW SPECIAL CURVES



ANOUK AIMÉE

DAN BUDNIK



CECIL BEATON



THE FASHION FOR FITNESS

Where does fitness fit into fashion? Everywhere: it's the life of fashion; what gives it its zest and magnetism. Not because we say it's so—we *see* it's so. You see it: in the lithe young thing flagging a taxi on a city street-corner—standing there easy and erect, exactly in the spirit of her tweeds and ghillies, balanced a bit forward on the balls of her feet, effortlessly commanding the Only Taxicab in the Western World. You see it at the theatre, a restaurant, a party: the really attractive woman psychologically bracing herself for her entrance—knowing she looks right in her clothes, relaxing in them, sweeping into the room with that infectious certainty of strength that makes every other woman consciously pull herself together...hold her spine straighter, her head a jot higher. You see it on these ten pages: the sound natural stance, the perfectly disciplined body, the compelling serenity. Not a flicker of a muscle, but you sense it instantly: action coiled like a spring, power at the ready. Fashion runs on this power; it's called fitness; and the word is: get it. (Wearing both coats here: Mrs. Bradford Dillman who is, on-camera, Suzy Parker, American super-model. Recently a fashion photographer described her special dynamism this way: "She can throw on a coat, flip the collar, and stand still with such vitality, you could swear there was a jet revving its motors outside the studio.") Narrow tweed, half-tied, left: back eased, straight-falling, fluid. Coat, by Dan Millstein, in pink and olive-green wool bouclé tweed (fabric by Scotney); about $110. At De Pinna; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Back-belted coat, narrower view, right: beige with a small rounded collar, straight front, fullness caught at the back by a low belt. Comes with its own two-piece black dress—goes anywhere in the world. By Branell, of silk-and-worsted. At Best & Co.; Montaldo's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Hat by Halston, made to order, at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN



BERT STERN

The narrow-bodied shape; the nice balance of a clean strong plaid in bright-navy blue and red; the sweeping surprise of a brimmy white linen hat rolling over it — all as appetizing as only the first town-cotton of spring can be ...which it just about is. Jacketed dress by Adele Simpson, of Pomezia cotton plaid; unplaided blue bodice; about $185. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Halston hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages: Marvella earrings.

Balance goes beyond the fashion, here. It's a message sent by the brain to every part of the body. Decode as follows: think of your legs as slender columns supporting the bridge of the hips; your spine as a strong steely spring on which the upper body seems to float lightly—and breathe freely.

THE FITNESS FASHION



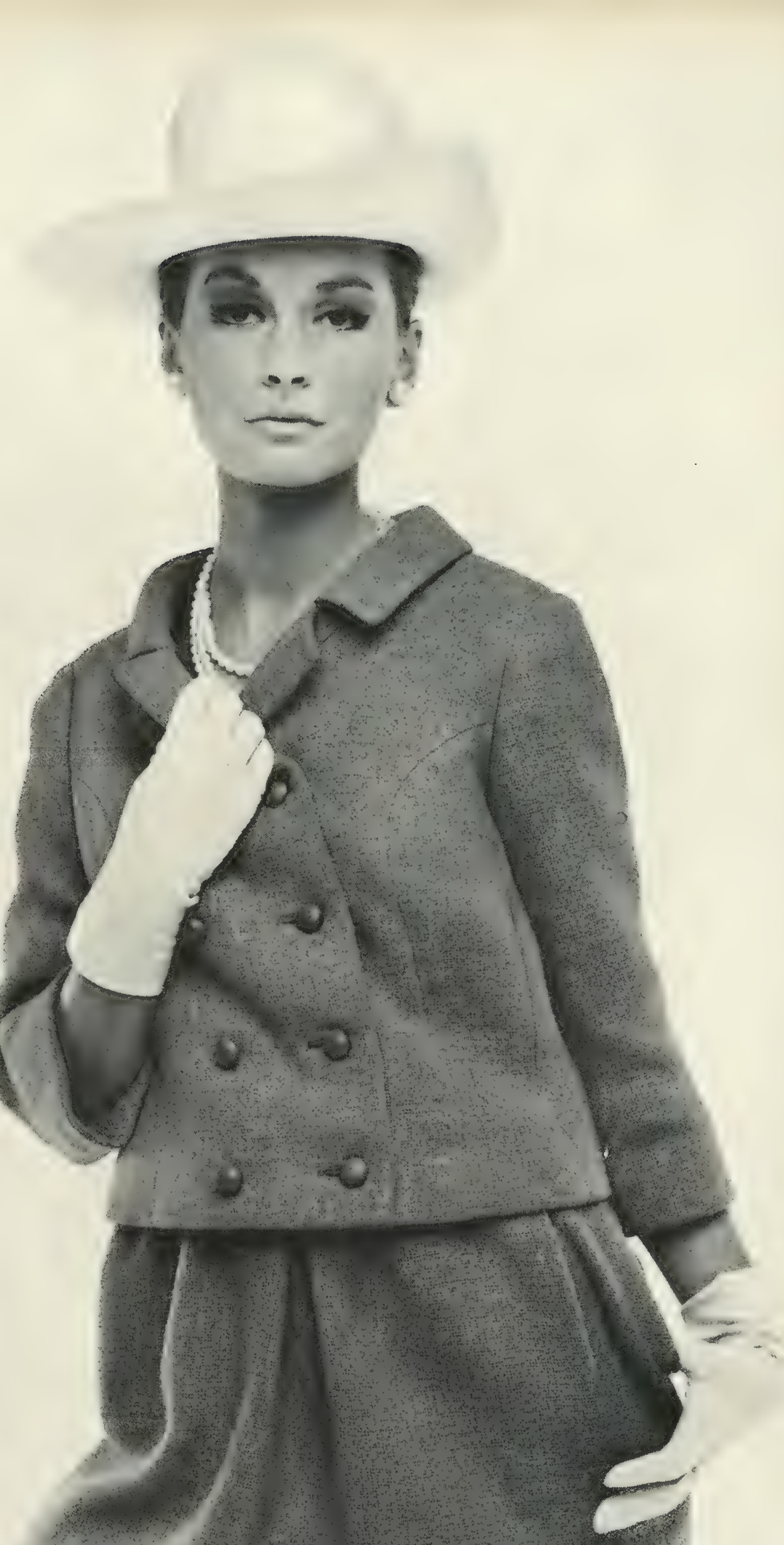
Here's balance: this walking skirt and this easy-fitting length of jacket that stops just where the pleats break, gives them room to start swinging. Jacketed dress in leaf-green-and-white checks, by Nat Kaplan, of Chardon-Marché textured silk; about $160. Hansen gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Sally Victor hat.

And here's balance: it runs like an invisible cord, right up the centre of this lithe body, straight all the way—ankles through pelvis through head. (Held as it should be, directly over the shoulders. Try it: use your earrings as a guide; imagine they're dangling on the tendon just back of the neck. You'll find you're moving your head back a little, shoulders a bit forward—and balancing with ease.)



Proper little walking suit in dark-grey wool crêpe—double-breasted jacket with the easy-riding fit of a pull-over and the extra touch of length that's wanted for a skirt that's all pleats, really short. By Laird Knox, of Lesur wool; about $200. Bersoie scarf. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit at Montaldo's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.

We say it's a suit to walk in; the girl who wears it proves it—in the lift of her rib cage, the weight of her body starting forward like a dancer's, legs relaxed—ready to follow, not lead, the body. Without a single movement you get the idea: all movement. (To stand still this articulately speaks volumes about fitness.)



Fine shape to be in this spring—narrow turquoise-blue jacket with a collar set well off the neck, and curved seams making a slightly concave fit at the front. Beneath, a sleeveless dress with a dropped waist, gathered skirt. By Talmack, of wool, silk, reindeer hair. Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Gloves by Fownes. Both pages: Adolfo hat; Richelieu fake pearl earrings.

A collar like this does charming things for a woman's throat—puts a frame around it, gives it visible room to grow. Exercise will take care of a great deal of the rest: prominent neck muscles, for instance, are usually strained muscles; a well-held and lifted rib cage will relax them—for which, see right. And here's a routine we like: clasp hands, interlock knuckles under chin; press head back; resist, release...six times.

THE FITNESS FASHION

BERT STERN





You step into the dress above. (And step along with a lithe athletic walk—weight on the balls of your feet, body in the lead. You can feel the impetus here: four erect young bodies, leaning slightly forward—raring to go.) As for the dress: pinky-coral wool in shirt-sleeves, with gathers quite low on the waist. By Harvey Berin; about $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Marvella earrings.

One-piece dress in sheer leaf-green worsted with a blouson top, supple and limber on the torso. Wanted for it: a torso in the same good shape. And lots of white—pearls, gloves, an enormous sou'wester. Herbert Sondheim dress, of Forstmann worsted, loomed in America; about $90. Hansen gloves. Both: Bloomingdale's. Dress: Joseph Magnin. Richelieu necklace. Both hats on this page, by Adolfo.

BERT STERN



Beautiful dress to move around in—beautifully. Beige worsted tied in leather, with a high-yoked bias-cut overblouse; sleeves like small soft capes, and a notched collar thrown wide open. By Frechtel, of Pierre Godart fabric; about $250. This, the Fuchs gloves, and the huge upswept white linen Halston hat (to order): Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: I. Magnin.



Olive-and-turquoise tweed suit; its jacket, all easy charm, opened in perpetuity over a pale-green silk overblouse with matching pocket-flaps on the hipbone. By Frank Gallant, of pebbly mohair-and-wool tweed; about $195. At Best & Co.; Wanamaker's, Phila. Gloves by Dawnelle. Sally Victor white leather hat.



BERT STERN

Checked wool, checked silk, wool tweed — happening all at once in a marvellous whip-slender suit, racy as jazz. Pink-and-green wool jacket with wide cutaway lapels; silk blouse; skirt in the same colours, diagonally tweeded. By Trigère. Marvella earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Woolf Brothers. Gloves by Fuchs.

Do you see this as an exercise suit? It could be a great one; there are excellent routines that can go on all day, invisibly, in clothes. This, for instance—takes no effort, some imagination, puts you in correct breathing position and perfect posture: think of your abdomen and the small of your back as bookends. Press them together—flat.

THE FITNESS FASHION



Pinked cocoa wool-tweed suit with the look of a one-piece dress. And what a charming look it is, with its small soft jacket tied high on the waist, a glimpse of pale-pink linen blouse beneath. By Trigère. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros. Cadoro pin. Wear-Right gloves. The hat on both pages is by Halston, made to order, at Bergdorf Goodman.

And this is the charming way to look in all clothes—entirely relaxed, but radiating the look of strength at the ready. This is tension, trained — tension that comes and goes like breath. When you let it go, let go completely: give every muscle a release-signal; slump inwardly. Relaxed in this way your energy rebuilds itself instantly, and the full blaze of personality comes through again, clear, strong and sure.

Fashions for legs and feet

THE WALKING SANDAL FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, THE BLUE SHOE WITH EVERYTHING

Walking shoes: opening up—getting barer, lighter, more open-minded. The surprise of walking sandals for town—racy and correct, giving just the right proportion with short, wide-hemmed walking suits. One superb walking sandal on page 73 of this issue: simply two broad alligator straps, one over the instep, one across the toe; and the only daytime heel that counts this spring: black, lacquered, stacked, and a good fast-walking height—about one and a quarter inches, just high enough to give the foot and calf-muscles a becoming lift. Other versions of the open look: the shoe, opposite—closed at both ends but open amidships, with cut-outs on the throat for more openness; the T-strap shoe that's closed at either the toe or heel, but seldom both; the sling-back shoe, famous again because of Chanel—who shows, with her galloping tweeds, sling pumps in nude beige with black tips, nude-beige stockings. Evening sandals—couldn't be barer. See the jade-green sandal on the next page but one: cut-out closed back, T-strap, a thread-thin strap across the toe—*and* the most exciting new dancing heel around: it's called the Talon Twist, pronounced à la Française. . . . Or take the turquoise-blue sandal on page 73—the foot completely nude except for a narrow V of strapping at the front, another around the heel. . . . With both these shoes, entrancing textured stockings in the same colours.

The blue shoe with everything: Clear bright blue is the new neutral, the happy-with-everything colour—not necessarily because it goes, passively, *with* a given costume, but because it does something zingy *for* it . . . for a speckled honey tweed suit; for beige wool, grey flannel; for a narrow white twill coat; for a racy walking skirt in lime-green and white checked wool swingy with pleats. . . .

More new go-with-everything shoe colours: Green—from brighter-than-jade to a limey chartreuse. White—with everything; the adored walking pump this spring is white kidskin (shown in Vogue last October 15 and again February 1), with a rounded, flattened toe like a Versailles court shoe; a lacquery-black stacked heel. White with black: the black-and-white shoe, on a shiny-black stacked heel, looks sharp, fresh, wonderful—with bright-coloured wools, with blacks, browns.

Stockings—the most ravishing since Queen Elizabeth I decided to give the English silk industry a boost. . . . The webbiest black lace stockings, enchanting for day—with a pale-blue tweed suit, or a bold black-and-white silk print; delicious for evening, especially with the flutter of short black lace evening skirts. . . . Stockings in amusing new patterns, textures, in colours to match the new shoe colours. . . . Pure-white stockings, coloured only by the bloom of skin showing through—sensational with the white kidskin walking pump, with a navy-blue and white checked tweed suit. Lacy white stockings at night, with the barest white sandals—held on by an elasticized silk T-strap—and an exquisite short evening dress of embroidered white lace and organza. . . . Boots are shorter for spring, but the tall-boot look can be recaptured, coolly, this way: with textured knee socks, a short swingy skirt—the knee bared dashingly between. Add flat little suède ghillies—the heels rounded, flat, like chopped spools—and a small, free-swinging shoulder bag.

THE BLUE SHOE WITH SHIRLEY MACLAINE

The rollicking star—famous for her beautiful dancer's legs and feet, as well as her acting brilliance—shows here, and on the next four pages, the new starring rôle that shoes and stockings play in fashion now. During the all-day sittings for these photographs, Miss MacLaine munched on a series of apples (announcing cheerfully, "I haven't eaten since last August"), winked, mugged, made moues (flashing her marvellous dimples), rolled her blue eyes in mock provocation or despair, narrowed them to sinister slits, waved her oddly beautiful long hands about, tossed strings of beads in whirling arcs, and talked: about her newest movie, *What a Way to Go*—"It's about a poor girl who doesn't want money, she only wants love and happiness, you know?" About clothes—"I like things simple, like a bathrobe; I hate froufrou and busy things—I figure I'm busy enough." The story she's appearing in here begins and ends with a blue shoe—significantly: blue is the wonderful new go-with-everything colour. Here, a soft, round-toed blue slipper, closed at the toe and heel but with the new feeling of openness; a delightful heel—small, squashed, lacquered in shiny white. By Capezio, in Thomas B. Harvey kidskin. $17. Van S wooden and Lucite bangles. Bersoie scarf. All, at Bonwit Teller. Shoes, also: Jordan Marsh, Fla.; I. Magnin. Coiffures, all four pages, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

BERT STERN



What a way to kick up your heels—demonstrated here by Shirley MacLaine, whose next starring movie is a fast-paced, kicksy comedy, *What a Way to Go*. What she's wearing—bare, light-footed sandals with the newest heel dancing, the "Talon Twist": a twirly little spool of a heel that's set slightly under the foot, turns on a centime, gives a long-legged racy look, a true balance. At the base, it flares out into a tiny triangle. The sandal, thinly T-strapped, in one of the newest go-with-everything colours—a green slightly brighter than jade. By I. Miller, in Du Pont's napped Corfam; about $24. At I. Miller Salons; Battelstein's. Smashingly shown off, here, by the sandal's bareness—and the celebrated MacLaine legs: green diamond-patterned seamless stockings of sheer nylon, by Van Raalte; at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. Miss MacLaine's dress: ruffles and flourishes of black cotton lace, for dancing—sleeveless, round-necked, short. By and at La Palapa, Westport, Connecticut and Palm Beach. Pin by Pavion, at Arnold Constable.

MORE FASHIONS FOR LEGS AND FEET—THE TALON-TWIST HEEL



BERT STERN



SHIRLEY MACLAINE. Co-starring, right: turquoise blue, bare, strappy sandals by Pappagallo, in Allied kidskin; about $18. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Chartreuse suit shoe by Evins, of Fleming-Joffe alligator; $70. To order: I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Blue sling shoe by Delman, in Shrut & Asch kidskin; about $40. Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Pale-blue seamless stockings by Mary Grey, at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne. Ruffly dress of white lace and linen, by Eric Lund. This at Henri Bendel. *Left,* short blue boots by Evins, in A. C. Lawrence kidskin; $85. To order: At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stretch stocking in shocking pink, turquoise, black; by Bonnie Doon, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Flowered chemise by Iris, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $13. Saks Fifth Avenue. Castlecliff necklace: Henri Bendel.

MORE FASHIONS FOR LEGS AND FEET: BLUE—WITH A TWIST OF LIME

BERT STERN





WHERE THE MAKE-UP ACTION IS

Possibly the most interesting thing to have come out of the no-lipstick era (during which time, by the way, more lipsticks were sold than ever before in history) was this: what the wearing of a bleached mouth did to the chemistry of the entire face. It forced women to learn eye make-up—couldn't, in fact, have been worn without huge, soft, moth-wing eyes. It taught them scale—the idea of make-up used for shape rather than for gilding purposes; make-up involving shading rouges and toners for contouring. And, finally, because pale lipstick threw a spotlight on everything that was wrong with the skin—showed up every line, every flaw surrounding the mouth—it probably did more to educate women about skin care than all the cross words by all the nannies you could gather in Hyde Park on a fine day. What's come out of the pale lipstick era is all to the good. Much cleaner skin. Much more make-up skill. And proof of the power of lipstick. Weak or strong, it's where the action is.

What's next is stronger lipstick. Honey. Coffee. Tea. Pink lipsticks with more pigment to them. Citrus colours with more tang. Roses blooming where not so long ago all was sand. Odd shades have a place—pale lilac; clear violet; yellow under tangerine. And here and there, the good news of a glistening "true" red. (Every woman has her own notion about what a true red looks like—and every lipstick maker hopes to break the code some day.)

How will stronger lipstick colours affect the rest of the face? Until the moment our Beatle wig arrives by mail from England (19s, 11d) to leave us no face to worry about, this is the action we plan. Foundation colour, beige. Rouge where it suits (brown shading rouge under the cheekbones; copper and pink rouge at temples, hairline, chin). Eyes in uniform (grey-black eyeliner, brown-grey eye shadow moulded at the fold of the eye; white under the eyebrow arch; lash-extending mascara). Eyes not always in uniform (gold eye shadow for good days; ribbons of colour for eyelids whenever we happen to want a change of pace). Eyebrows brushed with pale eyebrow powder; no pencil. Lipstick in multiples, sometimes in layers—with something from each new colour range ready for action.

LIPSTICK WITH A SIP OF COFFEE

Two new lipsticks with one idea—coffee as a stimulant;
coffee as a strengthener. What's going on, far left, is Pink Café.
The shade at right, obviously brewed with more cream: Café au Lait.
Together, they're Max Factor's bid for what it takes to liven
make-up for colour now—white, a colour very much in mind.
To fit the lipstick carefully to the mouth (a point,
as lipsticks grow stronger in tone), we've chosen
the built-in-skill that comes with the
wedge-tipped long-line version.

PENN





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The rise of peripheral crises. . . . The Johnson way of dealing with emergencies: telephone. . . . The excitement around Gaston Defferre, the Mayor of Marseilles, whose opposition to President De Gaulle is coming through loudly in France. . . . The crackle of the paintings from small countries, and the classic contemporaries which won the Guggenheim Museum's prizes at its big international show. . . . The late jazz trombonist, Jack Teagarden, and his line: "I sleep slow."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The plastic job to take the sag out of the television program, "That Was the Week That Was." . . . Alberto Ginastera, the serious South American composer whose violin concerto is a dazzler that requires not only a dazzling violinist but listeners able to be dazzled. . . . The cheap disaster of the new parody novel, *Passion Flowers in Italy*, by Rosalind Erskine who ought to wait until she both knows something and has learned to write.

"THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER"

Sage, amusing, learned in the ways of the old—that is what Enid Bagnold has succeeded in being in her comedy, *The Chinese Prime Minister;* in this photograph are the three who play her leading characters with, down front, the playwright herself. (When the ages of the characters and the true age of Miss Bagnold are added together the sum is a stupendous 313 years.) Essentially the old in this play enjoy their age, two of them still ready for adventure, refusing to submit to the illusions of the young about the old. Lucky in her cast, Miss Bagnold, who is seventy-four and afraid only of looking in photographs "like a gracious lady giving out knitting prizes at a bazaar," has Margaret Leighton (far left) to play her brilliant, seventy-year-old actress who wants a contemporary around to remember her when she was a bonfire in a room. John Williams (standing), bearded, superior, a bully who has lived for almost thirty years in Arabia, strides around on stage as though he were a handsome, fit seventy, although the script calls for an eighty-year-old. The oldest of all, in the play, is Alan Webb (far right), a marvel of a butler who has almost reached one hundred. He seems to be all cobwebs, but with knees. The butler is a man of dreams, falling in and out of consciousness, waking with an epigrammatic aside. Miss Bagnold understands the lot. In her own life (for she is Lady Jones, widow after forty-two years of marriage to Sir Roderick Jones, for years head of the Reuters News Service) she knows the full score. When she was much younger she wrote that knowledgeable, funny novel, *National Velvet,* in which her heroine, only fourteen, centred her love life on a horse. Now she has for a leading lady a tall exquisite being who looks, playing at seventy in linear Valentina robes, as Miss Bagnold said, "like a lily bending."

PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . continued

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The straightforward importance of Arthur Miller and his new play, *After the Fall*. . . . The growing gaiety, the gamesmanship among some of the New York galleries where almost anything that moves and makes a noise—slurp, slap, tickle—has a chance of being nailed to the wall; the further emergence of George Segal whose plaster figures have a new relevance. . . . Shepheard's, the new public discothèque, so beautifully overdone that it's fun—a bar that looks like the ones in African movies where eccentric people are discussing god-knows-what and a main room like the inside of a pasha's tent—a nutty child's Arabian Nights.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The scholarly intoxication of *Heroes and Heretics: A Social History of Dissent* by Barrows Dunham who ramps through the ages, explaining the great dissenters with a wild freedom, an unruly wit, and the knowledge to make his own translations from Latin and Greek. . . . The pleasures of the new musical comedy, *Hello, Dolly!*, with Carol Channing, a tangerine-haired knockout, handling her songs as though smashing dishes. . . . Alain Barrière, who sings his own songs, notably "Elle était si jolie," like a young Aznavour. . . . The number of people who watch for Cary Grant re-runs on any of television's late movie shows to see a really young Grant, his voice still Cockney, but his manners slicker than paint.

NICE KIDS' NIGHT PLACES, UPTOWN

Suddenly, young nightlife in New York has gone uptown with a dozen new places splashed in a ten-block stretch on the East side. Each place has its gimmick, its gang, but all are as clearly linked as grapes on a vine. The link is young people who, unthreatened by cover or minimum charges, can get around to several in an evening. The kicker is that most of the owners are as young as the goers—boys behind the bars who would look more plausible on skis or football fields. Few of them inherited saloon-keeping, they just think it's the hottest trade since investment banking. Some of their places are so new they run only on the owner's elbow grease and whatever fuel there is in hope. If the proprietors can make the new pubs go, it will be because they have jumped into a part of town with a new speedy traffic. When asked who makes up that traffic, most of the owners answer, "The post-graduate crowd. You know, nice kids." On the opposite page are four of the most noticeable nice-kids' night places. A manual of details on uptown fun places starts on page 135.

THE RED ONION (top photograph), New York's oldest banjo parlour, half-a-year-old, is owned by Robert Sproull (standing right), a twenty-seven-year-old Dartmouth graduate, who got hooked on banjos in San Francisco, then opened The Red Onion with no experience in pub-running at all. "We've been lucky," he said above the roar of the crowd wedged in his two narrow red rooms. Luck he may have—as well as a good-natured Gay Nineties atmosphere, uninhibited young waiters who toss old-wheeze jokes across the dim rooms, plates of circus peanuts in the shell, and Dan McCall's trio, The Banjokers, who play old-wheeze songs like craftsmen proud of their work.

DORRIAN'S RED HAND (second from top), now two years old, is a senior among the new spots. Run by Jack Dorrian, a solid, red-haired, slow-smiling young man (photographed in the window), the Red Hand is a concentrate of things that give most of the new uptown places their appeal. Eight Tiffany lamps hang from a Hershey-brown ceiling. There are red-checked tablecloths, sawdust on the floor, a blackboard menu of good reasonable food, including fish and chips. Jack Dorrian—who works with his two brothers—is also one of the pushers behind another two-month-old uptown place, The Little Shooter's Hootenanny. There the plan is to discover folk, gospel, and banjo groups when they are still green and turn them quickly to gold.

CHARLIE BATES'S TIANA III (third from top) has, in a year, run up a reputation that keeps crowds lined up on the sidewalk on weekend nights. In this rambunctious, turn-of-the-century-ish, dance saloon the nice kids sometimes get overrun by the rough kids. What gets all the kids is Bill Selden, the compulsive piano player (far right) who beats the keys out of a snaggle-toothed, open-front, upright piano. Part of the cahootsness of the whole uptown night group shows in the fact that many of the new owners and managers have worked in each others' places, still drop in. At the far left in this photograph is Charlie Bates; near him, three ex-employees. From the left, they are Lloyd Thomas of Lloyds', a red-flock-papered pub; Charles Donald and Carl Sewall, respectively bartender and owner of The Gordian Knot, a jazz place three months old.

MARTELL'S (bottom photograph), over a year old, is a singularly attractive nicotine-brown and blue pub with Mohammed Jamoussi and Cal Tjader on the jukebox, Gauloises in the cigarette machine, and some of the best food in the area. Ralph Martell, a tweedy, dark-haired young man (photographed here), has left nothing to chance. On weekend days he sets out a large free-lunch platter, serves nickel beers. The big, silver bowl filled with cracked ice and chilling glasses, un-slapdash. His message reaches with equal force the young, the arrived uptown art world, and husbands whose wives are away and who apparently think Martell's is a club invented especially for them.

SUSAN GREENBURG WOOD

BANJO DAN'S
BANJOKERS
RED HAND
RESTAURANT
AND
BAR

"ALL SEETHING underneath..."

By Doris Lessing

EDITOR'S NOTE: Doris Lessing is a small, squarish woman with small pretty features, and a level, dark-eyed gaze. In London she has across-the-board literary fame. In America, clutches of quietly passionate admirers follow her novels and short stories (the most recent collection, *A Man and Two Women*) which are always well-laced with autobiographical details. On the other hand, her autobiography, *In Pursuit of the English*, slips along like a novel. In that book Mrs. Lessing began with her father—the subject of this article. "I concluded at the age of about six my father was mad," she wrote. "This did not upset me." It wouldn't. Her view of things is, as a reviewer wrote, "vital, loving, unsentimental."

We use our parents like recurring dreams, to be entered into when needed; they are always there for love or for hate; but it occurs to me that I was not always there for my father. He would say: "I was born in Essex, enjoyed a country childhood, was a bank clerk and hated it, fought in the 'Great Unmentionable' where I lost a leg, married, worked in a Persian bank, hated that, went to farm in Southern Rhodesia. Yes, two children, girl and a boy." I've written about him before, but novels, stories, don't have to be "true." Writing this article is difficult because it has to be "true." I knew him when his best years were over.

There are photographs of him. The largest (of course! I can not help thinking) is of an officer in the 1914-18 war. A new uniform—buttoned, badged, strapped, tabbed—confines a handsome dark young man who holds himself stiffly to confront what he certainly thought of as his duty. His eyes are steady, serious, responsible, and show no signs of what he became later. A photograph at sixteen is of a dark introspective youth with the same intent eyes. But it is his mouth you notice—a heavily jutting upper lip contradicts the rest of a regular face. His moustache was to hide it: "Had to do something—a damned fleshy mouth. Always made me uncomfortable, that mouth of mine."

Earlier a baby (eyes already alert) appears in a lace waterfall that cascades from the pillowy bosom of a fat, plain woman to her feet. It is the face of a head cook. "Lord, but my mother was a practical female—almost as bad as you!" As he used to say, or throw at my mother in moments of exasperation. Beside her stands, or droops, arms dangling, his father, the source of the dark arresting eyes, but otherwise masked by a long beard.

The birth certificate says: Born 3rd August, 1886, Walton Villa, Creffield Road, S. Mary at the Wall, R.S.D. Name, Alfred Cook. Name and surname of Father: Alfred Cook Tayler. Name and maiden name of Mother: Caroline May Batley. Rank or Profession: Bank Clerk. Colchester, Essex.

They were very poor. Clothes and boots were a problem. They "made their own amusements." Books were mostly the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Every Saturday night they bathed in a hip bath in front of the kitchen fire. No servants. Church three times on Sundays. "Lord, when I think of those Sundays! I dreaded them all week, like a nightmare coming at you full tilt and no escape." But he rabbited with ferrets along the lanes and fields, bird's-nested, stole fruit, picked nuts and mushrooms, paid visits to the blacksmith and the mill and rode a farmer's cart horse. They ate economically, but when he got diabetes in his forties and subsisted on lean meat and lettuce leaves, he remembered suet puddings, treacle puddings, raisin and currant puddings, steak and kidney puddings, bread and butter pudding, "batter cooked in the gravy with the meat," potato cake, plum cake, butter cake, porridge with treacle, fruit tarts and pies, brawn, pig's trotters and pig's cheek and home-smoked ham and sausages. And: "Lashings of fresh butter and cream and eggs." He wondered if this diet had produced the diabetes, but said it was worth it.

There was an elder brother described by my father as: "Too damned clever by half. One of those quick clever brains. Now I've always had a slow brain, but I got there in the end, damn it!"

The brothers went to a local school and the elder did well, but my father was beaten for being slow. They both became bank clerks in, I think, the Westminster Bank, and one must have found it congenial, for he became a manager, the "rich brother," who had cars and even a yacht. But my father did not like it, though he was conscientious. For instance, he changed his writing, letter by letter, because a senior criticized it. I never saw his unregenerate hand, but

the one he created was elegant, spiky, careful. Did this mean he created a new personality for himself, hiding one he did not like, as he hid his "damned fleshy mouth?" I don't know. Nor do I know when he left home to live in Luton or why. He found family life too narrow? A safe guess—he found everything too narrow. His mother was too down-to-earth? He had to get away from his clever elder brother?

Being a young man in Luton was the best part of his life. It ended in 1914, so he had a decade of happiness. His reminiscences of it were all of pleasure, the delight of physical movement, of dancing in particular. All his girls were "A beautiful dancer, light as a feather." He played billiards and ping-pong (both for his county); he swam, boated, played cricket and football, went to picnics and horse races, sang at musical evenings. One family of a mother and two daughters treated him "like a son only better. I didn't know whether I was in love with the mother or the daughters, but oh I did love going there, we had such good times." He was engaged to one daughter, then, for a time, to the other. An engagement was broken off because she was rude to a waiter. "I could not marry a woman who allowed herself to insult someone who was defenseless." He used to say to my wryly-smiling mother: "Just as well I didn't marry either of *them*, they would never have stuck it out the way you have, old girl."

Just before he died he told me he had dreamed he was standing in a kitchen on a very high mountain holding X in his arms. "Ah, yes, that's what I've missed in my life. Now, don't you let yourself be cheated out of life by the old dears. They take all the colour out of everything if you let them."

But in that decade—"I'd walk ten, fifteen miles to a dance two or three times a week and think nothing of it. Then I'd dance every dance and walk home again over the fields. Sometimes it was moonlight, but I liked the snow best, all crisp and fresh. I loved walking back and getting into my digs just as the sun was rising. My little dog was so happy to see me, and I'd feed her, and make myself porridge and tea, then I'd wash and shave and go off to work."

Although officially he was a virgin when he married, "Or almost, but men have such temptations," my mother said, he had an affair which sounded more sentimental than sensual, with a married woman. "Yes, I often think of her, a fine woman she was. Oh yes, there were some women about in those days! Of course she was no better than she should have been, it wasn't the thing to do, I suppose. But in any case the war started."

The boy who was beaten at school, who went too much to church, who carried the fear of poverty all his life, but who nevertheless was filled with the memories of country pleasures; the young bank clerk who worked such long hours for so little money, but who danced, sang, played, flirted—this naturally vigorous, sensuous being was killed in 1914, 1915, 1916. I think the best of my father died in that war, that his spirit was crippled by it. The people I've met, particularly the women, who knew him young, speak of his high spirits, his energy, his enjoyment of life. Also of his kindness, his compassion and—a word that keeps recurring—his wisdom. "Even when he was just a boy he understood things that you'd think even an old man would find it easy to condemn." I do not think these people would have easily recognized the ill, irritable, abstracted, hypochondriac man I knew.

He "joined up" as an ordinary soldier out of a characteristically quirky scruple: it wasn't right to enjoy officers' privileges when the Tommies had such a bad time. But he could not stick the communal latrines, the obligatory drinking, the collective visits to brothels, the jokes about girls. So next time he was offered a commission he took it.

His childhood and young man's memories kept fluid, were added to, grew, as living memories do. But his war memories were congealed in stories that he told again and again, with the same words and gestures, in stereotyped phrases. They were anonymous, general, as if they had come out of a communal war memoir: he met a German in no man's land, but both slowly lowered their rifles and smiled and walked away. The Tommies were the salt of the earth, the British fighting men the best in the world. He had never known such comradeship. A certain brutal officer was shot in a sortie by his men, but the other officers, recognizing rough justice, said nothing. He had known men intimately who saw the Angels at Mons. He wished he could force all the generals on both sides into the trenches for just one day, to see what the common soldiers endured —*that* would have ended the war at once.

There was an undercurrent of memories and dreams and emotions much deeper and more personal. This dark region in him, fate-ruled, where nothing was true but horror, was expressed inarticulately, in brief, bitter exclamations or phrases of rage, bitterness, betrayal. The men who went to fight in that war believed it when they said it was to end war. My father believed it. And he was never able to reconcile his belief in his country with his anger at the cynicism of its leaders. And the anger, the sense of betrayal, strengthened steadily as he grew old and ill.

But in 1914 he was naïve, the German atrocities in Belgium inflamed him, and he enlisted out of idealism, although he knew he would have a hard time. He knew because a fortune-teller told him. (He could be described as uncritically superstitious or as psychically gifted.) He would be in great danger twice, yet not die —he was being protected by a famous soldier who was his ancestor. "And sure enough, later I heard from the Little Aunties that the church records showed we were descended the backstairs way from the Duke of Wellington or was it Marlborough? Damn it, I forget. But one of them would be beside me all through the war, she said." (He was romantic, not only about this solicitous ghost, but about being a descendant of the Huguenots on the strength of the "e" in Tayler; and about "the wild blood" in his veins from a great uncle who, sent unjustly to prison for smuggling, came out of a ten-year sentence and earned it, very efficiently, along the coasts of Cornwall until he died.)

The luckiest thing that ever happened to my father, he said, was getting his leg shattered by shrapnel ten days before Passchendaele. His whole company was killed. He knew he was going to be wounded because of the fortune-teller, who had said he would know. "I did not understand what she meant, but both times in the trenches, first when my appendix burst and I nearly died, and then just before Passchendaele, I felt for some days as if a thick black velvet pall was settled over me. I can't tell you what it was like. Oh it was awful, awful, and the second time it was so bad I wrote to the old people and told them I was going to be killed."

His leg was cut off at mid-thigh, he was shell-shocked, he was very ill for many months, with a prolonged depression afterwards. "You should always remember that some- (Continued on page 132)



WALKING IN THE RAIN

BERT STERN



Did we say rain? It's a storm we're reporting here: not just marvellous new raincoats—tailor's coats. Not just tailor's coats—but tailor's coats in fabrics that never, before now, turned up in anything weightier than a wisp of a dress . . . tie silk . . . wool crêpe . . . tissue-jerseys. Suddenly here they are—left, right, and on the next two pages. The inside story that brought them to the tailor's hand: a thin, thin sliver of foam-backing fixed forever to the fabric, giving it a whole new flexibility and fortitude—a new strength which we call Fortezza. *Left:* Chopped overcoat—now it's a rain-jacket, a silky Gauguin jungle of greens and magenta. And every inch a tailor's coat. Add shiny black boots, tuck your hair in a patent leather scarf—let it pour. Coat by Originala of Stehli silk laminated over Fortezza foam (by Curon); about $200. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Dayton's. Lipstick: Alexandra de Markoff's Radiant Pink. *Right:* Tailor's shirtcoat, dressmaker fabric—crinkled beige wool crêpe (foam-backed) with brass buttons, patch pockets, drawstring tie, and a nice narrow way of moving on the figure. Coat by Originala, of Anglo fabric, about $200. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Hudson's. Both coats at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessory details, page 129.



WALKING IN THE RAIN

Left: Black jersey and streaks of white lightning—another of the foam-backed fabrics firming up raincoat-history now. Small round collar, dolman sleeves. In Ban-Lon jersey of Du Pont nylon (S. Edward fabric), laminated with Fortezza (by Scott Foam). About $200. Altman's; Halle Bros.; Blum's, Chicago; L. S. Ayres. *Near right:* Nouveau crocodile—it's nylon and its puffs were raised by chemistry. We like, too, the neat narrow shape, and the glint of brass buttons against white. About $200. Altman's; Nan Duskin. *Far right:* The crocodile idea again—a perfect little black reefer, buttoned in brass. Both raincoats made of Du Pont nylon (Travis fabric) puffed by Chem-Stitch process, backed with Fortezza foam. About $200 at Altman's; Nan Duskin. All coats by Originala; also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessories, on page 129.

BERT STERN







NEW DASH FOR NAVY BLUE WITH THE SNAP OF WHITE

Navy blue and white has never looked so fresh and dashing. On these four pages, some of the endearing new shapes it's appearing in—narrower, neater; gleaming with brass blazer-buttons and the snap of white. It's delicious to add one thing—gloves, perhaps—in pale greige or peanut. Navy blue and white at its prettiest, left—a bright-navy suit with a rush of pure-white ruffles, on the V-necked blouse; at the base of the V, a disarming pink grosgrain bow. Brass-buttoned blazer jacket, with more white ruffles at the wrists. By Jane Derby, in Jasco worsted jersey; white cotton ottoman blouse. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Joseph Horne. Kidskin gloves by Fownes. Navy-blue coat, narrowed, right: perfectionist tailoring without a jot of hardness—a slender little coat in navy-blue wool, double-breasted, with two spanking rows of brass buttons, a high waist, set-in sleeves. By Ben Zuckerman. Gloves by Fuchs. Hat by Oleg Cassini. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat also at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages: Margaret Jerrold shoes of Hubschman calfskin, at Lord & Taylor.

LOUIS FAURER





NAVY-BLUE AND
WHITE—STILL
THE WINNING PAIR



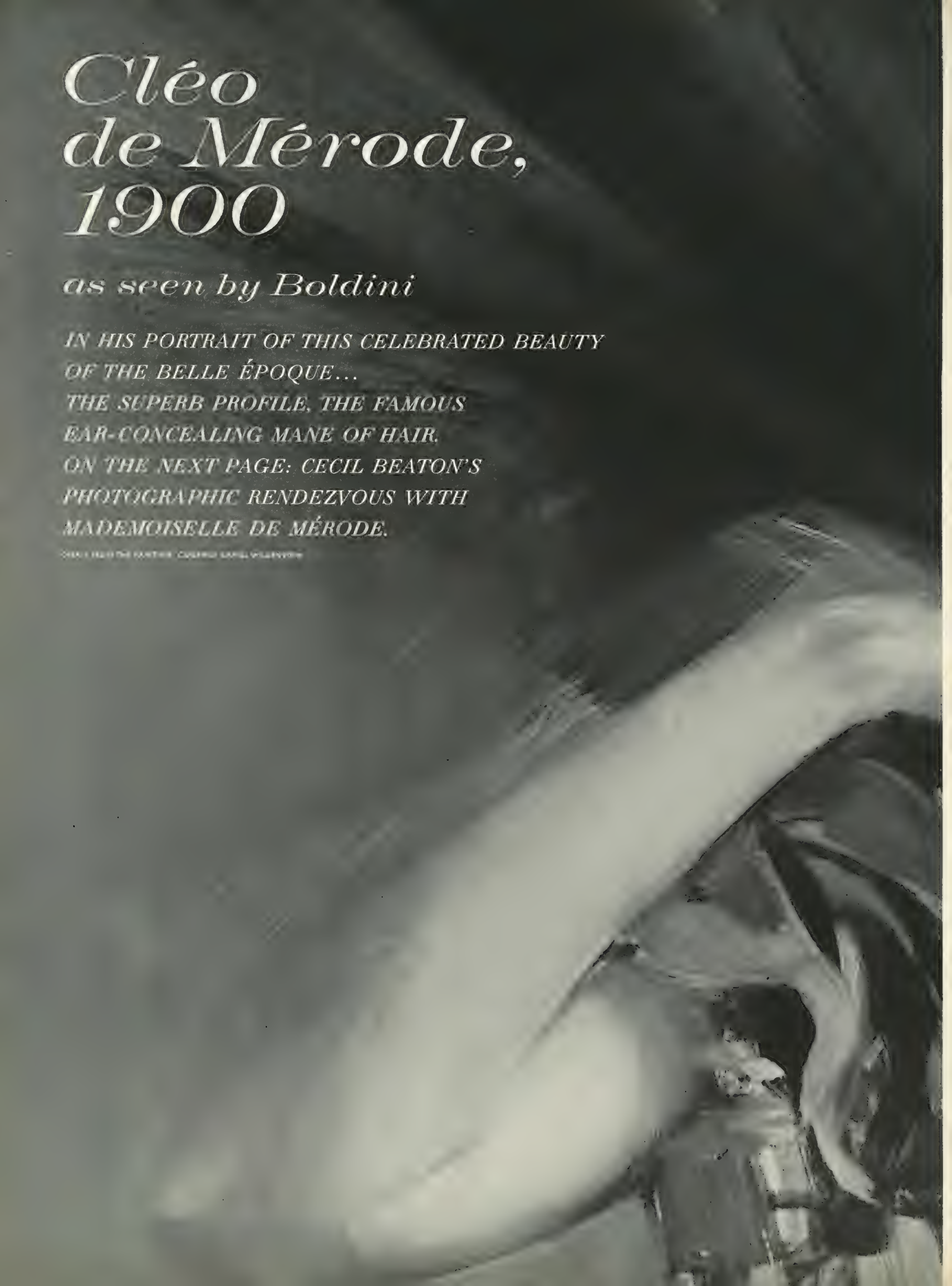
Navy-blue and white for spring—two charming ways to wear it: a narrow-jacketed suit, a trim, easy young coat, both with dashing brass blazer buttons. White leather hats, bone-beige gloves. Navy-blue suit, marvellous blouse, facing page—the wide rolling collar actually belongs to the little sleeveless shell of a white linen blouse. The jacket itself is collarless, narrow, closed with frogs and brass buttons; cuffs, crisply faced in white. Suit and blouse by Adele Simpson, in navy-blue Lafitte wool, white linen. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's. Bone gloves by Kislav. Troylings shoes of Ohio calfskin. Navy-blue coat, very big on buttons, this page. A coat—with Admiral-size brass buttons—that's narrow in cut, wide in range: it's perfect for travelling (zephyr-light but warm), delightful for spring days in town. By Hannah Troy, in Or de Laine navy-blue wool. About $185 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Hat, both pages, by Adolfo.

LOUIS FAURER

Cléo de Mérode, 1900

as seen by Boldini

IN HIS PORTRAIT OF THIS CELEBRATED BEAUTY OF THE BELLE ÉPOQUE... THE SUPERB PROFILE, THE FAMOUS EAR-CONCEALING MANE OF HAIR.
ON THE NEXT PAGE: CECIL BEATON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC RENDEZVOUS WITH MADEMOISELLE DE MÉRODE.





Cléo de Mérode today

as seen by Cecil Beaton

The spring sun misted through the avenues of tender-budded trees, creating a Pissarro-like scene as my taxi swept along the lofty grey streets.

I imagined Paris as it was in the heyday of the woman I was about to see. Perhaps the Japanese fruit trees in the Parc Monceau, now in their first tender moment of pointillist blossoming, have grown taller, and the large apartment houses, built in a Victorian eighteenth-century style, have fallen a rung in the social scale, but the hand-painted lettering over small restaurants, and the announcements for opera and music halls, are unchanged since the turn of the century.

On arrival at number 15 Rue de Teheran, a gaunt and still imposing stone building in a vague "Louis" style, the tall wrought-iron-and-glass door opened to the touch of a button, but inside there was no response to the bell of the concierge's lodge. Nothing to do but work one's way up. I rang at the first floor: no reply. Then to the second. What if Mlle. de Mérode lived at the very top of the building? Someone high above could be heard opening a door. I shouted, "Hullo?", and a gruff voice replied, "Oui." "Mlle. de Mérode?" "Ici—montez au soleil! Je vous attend—le concierge est sorti. Tout le monde est parti pour la campagne. Les dimanches je reste seule à Paris, et j'aime ça. J'aime la solitude."

At the first sight of the solitary figure who greeted me over the wrought-iron balcony of her landing, preconceived images of a somewhat cold-hearted-looking face disappeared. Although this little woman, smiling her welcome, must be nearly ninety, her eyes sparkled, her complexion was pink and white and fine, her cheeks smooth and rouged, with only a spider web of wrinkles near the deep-set eyes. Her delicately chiselled nose and pointed lips were the valid features of beauty.

She apologized jovially that, having lately caught a cold, she had muffled up her throat and put this absurd stocking-cap on her head. Indeed the brown woven cap, worn low to her eyebrows, did appear somewhat eccentric, and it all but covered the hair, now slightly tinted, which was worn as it always had been, in the manner of Leonardo's "Belle Ferronnière," parted in the centre and drawn so low at the sides that her rivals had said she possessed no ears.

"How was it you maintained your classical hairstyle when every other woman was coiffed *à la brioche?*" I asked.

"It wasn't thought out at all; it just happened. As a child I wore a square fringe. This would fall in my eyes when I was a *coryphée* at the Opéra ballet, and I kept pushing it back from the centre; gradually the hair grew and, in order to keep it from falling forward, I knotted it in a bun. When big hats came in it was difficult to fix them on without padding, but I invented a little hidden crown."

We had passed through a circular hallway with grey panelled walls and Boulle furniture and were now sitting by a window overlooking the roofs of Paris in a room with plaster decorations in the style of Louis XVI, with rococo wall brackets, biscuit-de-Sèvres figures in loving attitudes on ormolu-mounted ebony tables. Everywhere there seemed to be a collection of glitter-frosted Christmas cards.

My offering of an enormous bunch of May-Day lilies of the valley delighted Mlle. de Mérode. They must be put in water at once. I followed her. The vase chosen was huge, of Edwardian dark blue mounted with ormolu, and very much out of fashion. In days past it must have been constantly refilled with red roses sent by the King of the Belgians. As she walked with it held in her outstretched hands, I noticed that her figure had retained its youthful proportions and, although her legs and feet were lacking in the svelte grace of line, she moved like a girl. Her essential dignity dominated her whole being.

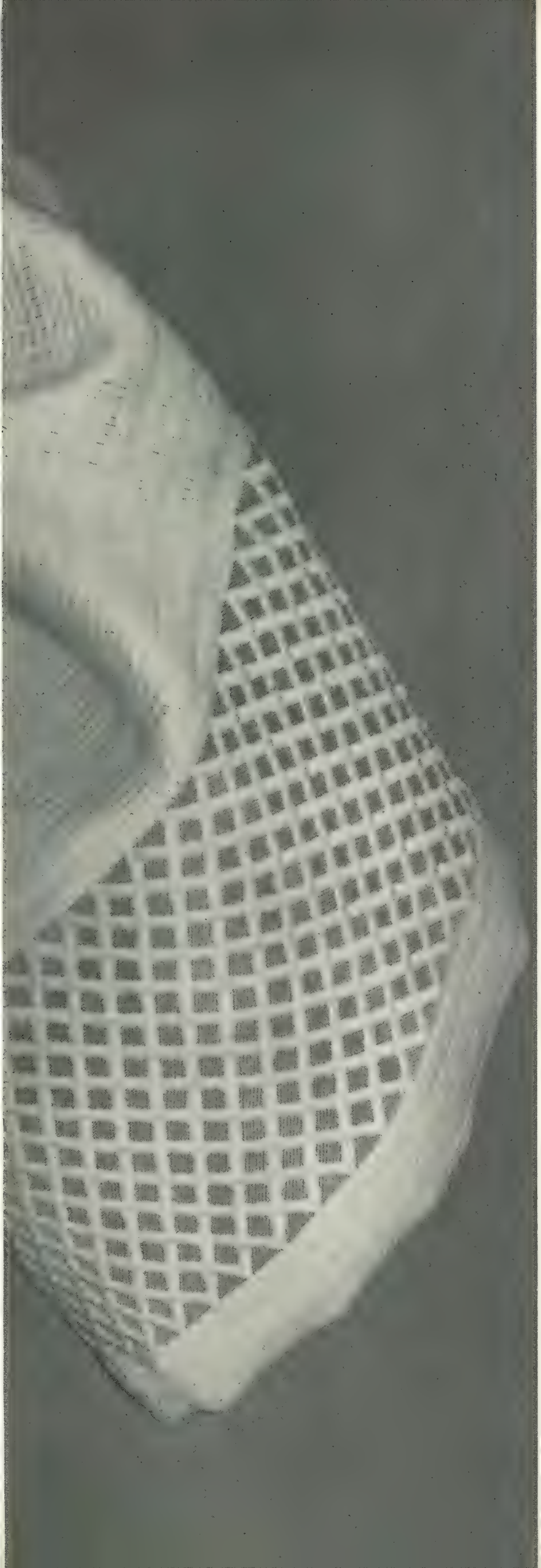
In a deep voice she told me that she was part of the Austrian branch of the French De Mérode family. She had come to Paris as a young girl and, fond of music, had become a dancer at the Opéra. For years she had studied, and when, regretfully, she left the Opéra, she had enormous success as a dancer on her own. She performed in every country, not only in the capital cities, but in every small town. She had never travelled with her own troupe: it was so much less trouble to do one's own act, to be entirely responsible. At the beginning she had a choreographer from the Opéra to work out her dances, but gradually she realized she was quite capable of doing them herself.

Her whole life, she said, had been one of dedication to her art. Even now, when she posed, to illustrate a point, with her head turned away and her hands (Continued on page 134)

CLÉO DE MÉRODE AT NINETY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY CECIL BEATON







THE DYNASTY

By Gilbert Highet

Like a soft lovely woman who has had many masterful lovers, Italy has harboured many proud rulers. She still bears their traces: here the inscription of a Caesar, there the self-commemoration of a city-planning Pope, here a fading portrait of the Duce, there the triple spheres of the Medici.

Most of the great families have long ago had their histories written and rewritten. Only one has been neglected. Yet its name, and the names of its kindred, are spread all over Italy. From the swaying gondola you see their title and their style on a palace wall. At the entrance to a cathedral their name confronts you. High above the curses on rival football teams and even larger than the prayers for divine protection of professional cyclists, a tiny alley in Siena carries their name:
VIETATO. This powerful dynasty was founded in 1234 by two energetic brothers: VIETATO FUMARE and VIETATO SPUTARE. The elder, having served as a mercenary soldier under the redoubtable Valpolicella, seized the rich domain of Fettucine and made himself Duke. He combined intrigue with military pressure so successfully that he was able to marry the young Princess Attacca da Capo, and so added her territory to his own.

By her he had two sons. The first, VIETATO L'INGRESSO, was known as the greatest siege-engineer of western Europe, having starved out no less than eleven counts, barons, and margraves who attempted to withstand him. His greatest benefit to mankind was his invention of the corkscrew, which rendered it unnecessary for his compatriots to drink out of the cask or to risk wrecking their molar teeth.

His younger brother, VIETATO L'ACCESSO, became a hermit at the age of seventeen after a disappointment in love. He was enchanted by a pretty girl he met at a masquerade. On hearing that she was engaged to someone else, he gave up the world and retired to a cavern in the desolate mountains of Calamaretti. There he spent many hours carving, on the rocks around his hermitage, the name of his lost love, *Giulietta Cappelletto*. After several miracles had occurred near his tomb, it became a place of pilgrimage, where he is now revered as the Blessed VIETATO L'ACCESSO AGLI STRANIERI.

(Continued on page 129)

SEARCHLIGHT ON WHITE

You know what white means to fashion now—it's the charmer, the illuminator. Here to disclose less obvious aspects of white is beauty news from Charles of the Ritz—first of the new face-looks to move strongly toward colour. The strength here is: Navy Red lipstick to make the teeth seem whiter; Navy Blue eye shadow to clarify the whites of the eyes. Hat, heavy cotton, embroidered; by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Swiss lapis necklace, Tiffany.

PENN





THE PRETTIEST FIGURES THIS SPRING

Lingerie now is bright prettiness—it looks as though it were picked from a spring garden in riotous bloom. Or it's covered with lace. Or it's in the palest face-powder colours—mauve, fern, or the blue of a rainwashed sky. Everywhere, a feeling of willowiness—shaped by girdles and brassières in fabrics that are lighter than ever—sheer comfort, but sheer control. A wave of willowy chemises with square necklines—or low, round ones—romanced with deep borders of lace. Here and on the next eight pages, the makings of some of the prettiest figures in the world. **Mixed flowers,** left, splashed on a white brassière and girdle. The brassière has a deep décolletage, a smooth rounded contour. The girdle has the lightest, sleekest kind of figure control—a stitched seam smoothing the front. Brassière in tricot of Antron nylon, $5. Girdle in power net of nylon and uncovered Lycra, $9. Both: Warner's. Both: Bonwit Teller; Strawbridge & Clothier; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. **Bright bouquet of pink and green flowers,** above, on the front of a scalloped half-slip, more flowers on the back. By Saramae. Antron nylon (Burlington fabric). About $6. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Gus Mayer.

HORST

THE PRETTIEST FIGURES



Palest écru lace, left, for a brassière with wide-set straps, underwiring, a deep-plunge décolletage. Of nylon, $6. Pale-mauve half-slip scalloped in écru lace. In tricot of nylon, $7. Both by Hollywood Vassarette of Du Pont nylon. Both at Altman's; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

Brassière of face-powder mauve, above. The top, lace appliquéd on marquisette; taffeta on the underside. Of nylon and Lycra; $5. The pantie-girdle is in the same mauve—dips low at the waist. With a lace-covered front panel and a smooth one-way stretch of back panel. In power net of Lycra and nylon. $9. Both by Vanity Fair. At Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; Frost Bros.

Bright poppies, right, blooming pink and yellow on a lace-edged chemise with an Empire drawstring. By Gotham in tricot of nylon (Soptra fabric) and cotton lace. $11. Altman's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

HORST





THE PRETTIEST FIGURES

A tracery of poppies, left, on a black-and-white brassière and half-slip. The brassière is softly shaped and lined with Dacron. The willowy half-slip is scalloped at the hem. Brassière by Formfit, in nylon tricot, $4. Half-slip by Rogers, in Antron nylon. About $5. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. **Yellow field flowers,** above, on a round-necked chemise with a skimmy shape, edged in white lace. It sleeps, evenings, or slips under clothes. By Parisian Maid, of Allied Chemical's Caprolan nylon. About $18. At Saks Fifth Avenue. **Violet-on-violet chemise,** above right, straight as a bandeau across the top, dusted with tiny mille-fleurs. Wide bands of ribbon-threaded lace border the neck and hem. By Fischer. Of nylon. About $8. At Bloomingdale's. **Lacy black long-line brassière,** centre right, with a deep, wide, plungey décolletage. It extends to a scalloped band of elastic smoothing the waist. By Lady Marlene, of Lycra and nylon lace. About $11. At Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shell-pink georgette chemise,** lower right, very short. It has a figure-skimming shape and is filmed with black across the fitted bosom and at the slightly flared hem. By Saab, of Du Pont nylon. About $20. At Bergdorf Goodman.



HORST

VOGUE, February 15, 1964

THE PRETTIEST FIGURES

Blue French daisies, left, on a bandeau with a low squared neck and a half-slip with a nylon-and-Lycra pantie attached. Bandeau ($7) and slip ($15) of cotton-and-polyester. Designed by Pauline Trigère for the Formfit Designers Collection. At Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman-Marcus.

Powder-pink lace, top right. Brassière with back décolletage; girdle panelled front and back. Brassière of Lycra and nylon lace; $4. Pantie girdle in power net of Lycra, nylon lace; $7. By Kayser. At Abraham & Straus.

Lift of white, second from top. Long-leg pantie girdle contoured to lift and round the derrière; especially great under pants. Waist dipped into a lacy panel. Of Alençon nylon lace and Lycra; $8. By Fortuna. At Best & Co.

Midriff tautened, third from top, by a smidge of flower-embroidered black batiste, snug from bosom to hip, just the thing for the new closer-to-the-body fit. Of cotton, acetate, and Lycra; $5. By Jantzen. At Bloomingdale's.

More than meets the eye, below right. A pretty lace-edged half-slip in white nylon tricot with detachable garters on a four-inch-wide Lycra waistband. $6. By Van Raalte. At Altman's.

Lacy black and white, opposite page. Sleek under jerseys and knitted clothes, a brassière with seamless cups. Lace-trimmed girdle with front and side panels. Brassière ($6) and girdle ($13) of Lycra, nylon lace. By Olga. Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire.

HORST







THE PRETTIEST FIGURES

A poetic plunge of black lace, left, shaping a Botticelli bosom—one of the prettiest looks imaginable—young, high, rounded, and always discreetly feminine. The brassière is under-wired and half foam-lined for just the right amount of lift above the wide décolletage. This is the kind of unfettered softness that is beautiful revealed . . . just as beautiful when it's only hinted at. By Bali. Of nylon lace and Lycra, $7. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Beautiful Bryans tights at Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel. **Cat-stretch of black lace,** above, for an all-in-one that feels as though you're wearing—or sleeping in—a whisper. It has the gentlest smoothing effect—makes the prettiest figures feel even prettier. By Gotham. Of Vyrene and nylon. $17. At Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; I. Magnin.

HORST



What suède takes now: cream in its colours, young narrow lines with kilty skirts above the knee. Great with suède here—knitted clothes and accessories, the slick of silk shirts, knee socks and ghillies.

THE SUÈDES



Pale quilted suède, opposite, making a suit with easy buttoned jacket, very short not-tight skirt. Both, pale blue. The high-necked blouson, white Dacron-and-silk crêpe. Suit by Highlander; about $125 at Bonwit Teller. Blouse by Pilot; about $10 at Bloomingdale's. Knee socks by Adler. Fuchs gloves. Calderon pouch handbag. Suède for all seasons, this page, a coat of pale blue with a zip-out lining of natural squirrel belly. Narrowed lines here, buttoned epaulettes, flapped pockets. By Betti Belmont for Style Trends. With it, a white overblouse and skirt of knitted acetate crêpe, ribbed socks (note the extra sock-Scottishness of garter-flashes). Dress by Dalton; about $60. Bonnie Doon socks. All, at Bonwit Teller. All ghillies, these pages, by Evins, of Fleming-Joffe suèded calfskin; to order at I. Miller. On both pages: coiffures by Verdi.

TERRIFIC— PALED TO THE POINT— OF SPRING

BERT STERN



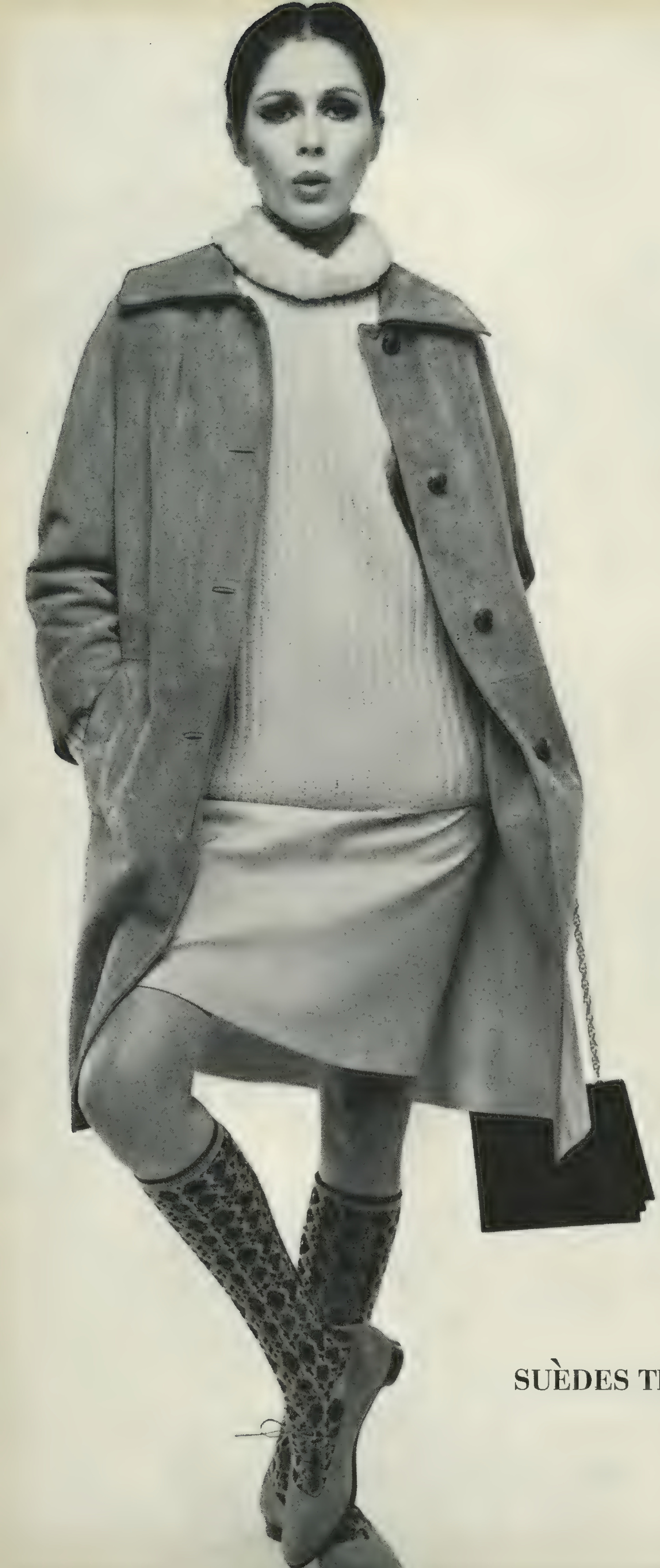
THE SUÈDES TERRIFIC—SUITS

BERT STERN



Suède suits with delicious paleness and a simply great form of foxy-ingenue lines—made more so by the look of white silk shirts that show at the collar, cuffs. Posing in both suits here, Mrs. Leonard E. Holzer. Pockets moving up, left, on a suit of pale-grey suède with a round collar, foularded here, on a narrow jacket over a skirt with shirred ease. The touch of shirtiness that makes cuffs, white silk. Suit by Leathermode; about $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. Choir-boy suit, right, with a top that's uninterrupted beautiful shape, zipped up the back. Top and straight skirt, of pale-pink suède with pig-skin texture. A white textured silk shirt provides the collar, French cuffs. Suit by Leathermode, of Fleming-Joffe suède. About $175 at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr. The shirt on both pages, by Sidney Heller; $18 at Bloomingdale's. The coiffures by Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri.

WITH THE SHIRTY TOUCH



One suède that's a coat, two more looks that can be classed as coats —a step-in suède coatdress, a wonderful leather tunic to take coat-place over pants, skirts, or tights. Pale coat, long ribs, left, the suède-with-knitting idea that's so marvellous now. (Also marvellous with these ideas: small over-the-shoulder handbags.) The coat is pale chamois-coloured, pigskin-textured suède; the ribs, a sweater of heavy white wool. Both by John Weitz Boutique; at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Lady Exeter knee socks. The handbag by Josef. Long pull of leather, near right, in creamy white with thick ribbed collar and cuffs, playing its most dramatic scene here with long black lace tights—perhaps the only way these knees could bear to be covered. Tunic by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills, of kidskin; about $110, at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Tights by Beautiful Bryans. Both coiffures by Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri. Step-into suède, farther right, a coatdress with buttons halfway down the front, shirt sleeves, a heavenly colour—pale aqua-marine. Terrific with it, swinging knee socks and ghillies. Coatdress by Samuel Robert; at Altman's; I. Magnin. Over-the-shoulder pouch by Eugenie Buchner. Echo scarf. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Kislav gloves. Coiffure by Verdi.

SUÈDES TERRIFIC—THE COAT CLASS



BERT STERN





Pale-chocolate suède, near right. Wraparound skirt, A-cut above the knee to show a brisk length of lace-clad leg...walking, running, caught here in a rare standstill. The skirt fastens with double buttons at the back. Vogue Pattern 6065. Blue knitted cotton polo shirt by Ship 'n Shore; about $3; brown suède shoulder bag by Park Lane; both at Bloomingdale's. Shirt, also at Burdine's. Silk scarf by Knize. Suède gloves by Etienne Aigner at Lord & Taylor. Tights by Beautiful Bryans. On-the-move skimmer, far right, of pale apple-green suède, worn here with diamond-patterned stockings, suède ghillies, pigskin gloves. The lean, leggy feeling is exaggerated by the dress's elongated bodice and short short skirt, joined at the hipline with the slightest gathering. Vogue Pattern 6125. On both pages: suède skins by Janice Leather; at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne. Van Raalte gloves at Bloomingdale's. Mary Grey stockings. Coiffures by Charles Simpson of Pierre Henri. Other views and sizes, on page 140.

VOGUE PATTERN 6065

VOGUE PATTERNS: SUÈDES

BERT STERN



ON THE POINT OF SPRING

VOGUE PATTERN 6125



THE KNITTED DRESS—PALED FOR



On the move here, the dazzle of white overblouse dresses — knitted, supple, marvellous with suèdes and the bright splash of scarfs wrapped in an oval over high, domed forms. Knitted white overblouse dress, left, close to the midriff. With a round collar, high flapped pockets. The scarf is a burst of yellow, black, and white silk. Dress by Nantucket Knitters. About $45, of Celanese acetate. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Echo scarf: Lord & Taylor. Viola Weinberger gloves. Smooth white knitted dress, right, with a long-pull overblouse. It's round-necked and welted with two side vents at the hips. Worn with a drift of black-and-white hennin, wrapped high, and short white leather gloves. Dress by Lawrence Knitwear, of wool and viscose. About $35. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Frederick & Nelson. Doro scarf. At Bonwit Teller. Grandoe gloves. Both pages: John Frederics hat frames.

THE SUÈDES TERRIFIC

BERT STERN



THE KNITTED DRESS—

Left: The long lean look—a matador-pink skimmer of knitted wool, welt-panelled, with an easy funnel neck, shoulders extended into the softest cap sleeves. The dress, about $70. By Gino Paoli. At Martha; Marie Leavell, Dallas; Chas. F. Berg, Portland. Van S pin. Van Raalte gloves. John Frederics frame, under a high swath of bright silk scarf. *Top right:* To slip under one of spring's pale suède coats—a bright jade walking dress of knitted wool, with short short sleeves, and a welted band arched on the midriff. Worn with a high-wrapped silk scarf, malty suède gloves, a shoulder-slung chained bag. Dress, about $100. By Cisa. Scarf by Falconetto, of Lesur silk. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves by Roger Faré. At Saks Fifth Avenue. John Frederics scarf frame. *Below right:* A limber little pullover dress—blue-and-white stripes, with a wide turtleneck collar and bloused shirt-sleeves. Buttons up the side; in front, a double set of patch pockets. The accents here: a white visored helmet with a pompon on top, white pigskin gloves. Dress, of knitted Zefkrome, about $60. By Nan Herzlinger. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Gloves by Van Raalte. Helmet by John Frederics.

LIMBERING UP FOR SPRING

BERT STERN







Played with
cups, flowers,
and a variety of
tablecloths

THE NEW SILVER GAME

Not only new, not only old, but distinctly contemporary—the use of silver cups filled with a variety of flowers, gay, brilliant, warming, and exquisite—all on a Paisley-patterned tablecloth like the one here. As in the shell game, in this game everything moves.

The silver, of course, changes for each course. Here, a new sterling place setting by Lunt, with, possibly, before each place, a grasp of blossoms in a silver cup. Or the cups might be bunched as a centrepiece to be scattered later, as small frequent bouquets, to end tables. On this table—round for gathering in the conversation—the cloth, cut to brush the floor, is a Beaujolais-red, black, and yellow French Paisley contrasting with the fat pink roses in a German baroque mug.

The cloth could be of thin white batiste with silver cups spilling flowers of all colours, like those on wagons in the spring on New York streets. Or a yellow cloth with candles to set the silver slickering, the flowers unabashedly blue—larkspur, iris, pale delphinium. Here, a group, as dissimilar as the girls in Mary McCarthy's *Group*.

Left: Silver cups from Europe; $77 to $475*, at the Museum Silver Shop. The tablecloth fabric is from a collection of French Paisleys at Brunschwig & Fils. The sterling silver is the new "Colonial Theme"; $46* for a six-piece place setting, by Lunt Silversmiths.

*TAX INC.

GRIGSBY

BEAUTY BULLETIN

Vogue's February 15 bulletin on the shape-taking news

THE SHAPE TERRIFIC—HOW TO GET IT, HOW TO KEEP IT ...THE WORD FROM 5 EXPERTS

"I get my exercise," said the late Chauncey Depew, "by being a pallbearer to my friends who exercise." Despite the national exercise virus there are still a few unconscientious objectors who like to play that good game of making fun of exercise, much as the famous educator who claimed that whenever he felt like exercising, he'd lie down and the feeling would go away; much as Plato, whose snide compliment to the whole subject went: "Bodily exercise, when compulsory, does no harm to the body."

But the relentless confront the listless with melancholy truths on exercise—fundamentally this: there's no way around it. Just about every shape terrific that appears in print, on film, on stage *may* have arrived that way and certainly *stays* that way, especially if it's over thirty, by some form of regular, beyond-the-norm exercise. Diet and general moderation help with weight and endurance but, alone, they can not shape, tone, and fit the body for optimum performance of daily agenda.

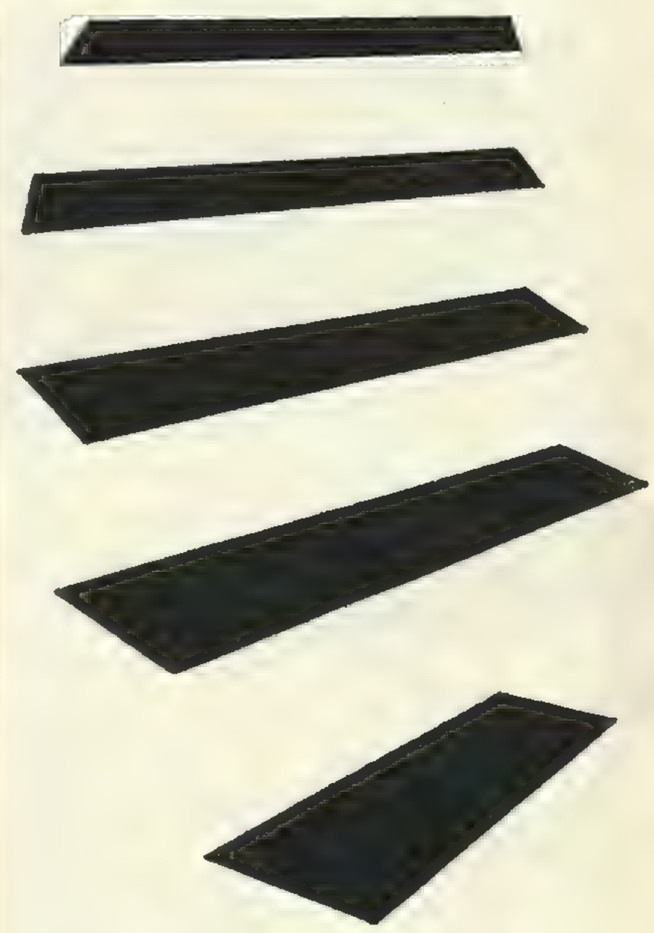
The question then arises: if the shape terrific is so easily acquired and maintained, why then do not all of the ninety-nine percent of the population who covet such shape for themselves get with it and start staying with it fast? Could the answer be: for the same reason that heavy smokers, in spite of The Evidence, can not seem to part with their cigarettes? Or for the same reason that certain obese people, promised an early demise, nevertheless can not stick to a diet? No. Cutting down on either smoking or eating can be agonizing to an addict; can, in addition, be mentally time-consuming to the extent that one finds oneself unable to concentrate easily on other facets of life.

Exercise, on the other hand, does not subtract from, but adds to, the kicks of living. Far from absorbing the mind with still one more conflict between what's fun and what's healthy, it frees the mind from certain strains and stimulates the psyche into overcoming others.

So why not? A fear of failure, perhaps, if there are spectators. A conviction that no good will come of it anyway—a conviction that settled in because of some brief ventures into an ambitious program that dropped too quickly by the wayside leaving no noticeable results. The idea that exercise takes time more valuably occupied by other pursuits, preferably sedentary. Or, possibly, heavily in the foreground of such inertia-inclined reasoning, the impression that exercise is b-o-r-i-n-g.

There are programs and programs and brilliant mechanical accomplishments to counteract all of this wrong thinking—and over the years we've outlined scores of such blockbusters in this magazine. For the purpose of the present counterattack, we talked to five widely divergent authorities who have cheerful systems. At least one of these routines should hopefully activate the Power whose first name is Will.

Stand still and lose inches. . . . Vic Obeck, a tall, sandy-haired, power-built man with an easy wit and the kind of good looks that one could imagine on the silver screen coaching Notre Dame to a one-point, last-minute victory, is one of the country's foremost authorities on physical fitness. Director of Athletics and Physical Education at New York University, Obeck is no believer in self-torture; he is, on the contrary, (Continued, page 122)



Stepped-up shapemaker . . .
the staircase, one of the
simplest forms of
weight-lifting.
The weight to be lifted:
your own, upstairs
and downstairs,
two steps at a time.

For the shape terrific, a new reward . . .
In mimosa-green wool knitted
with a frothy, cloqué look,
a dress that slips over
the body without a break—
except for some subtle ease,
followed by fit, at the back.
By Kimberly, about $60.
At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer.
Milan hat by Halston,
to order at Bergdorf Goodman.
Bracelets all by Van S.

HORST

5′ = 5%

Five minutes a day can re-do a shape . . .
Just that amount of time
spent in organized
muscle-flexing can, the
experts say, increase
strength (and therefore
ultimate shapeliness)
up to 5% per week.





HORST

BEAUTY BULLETIN

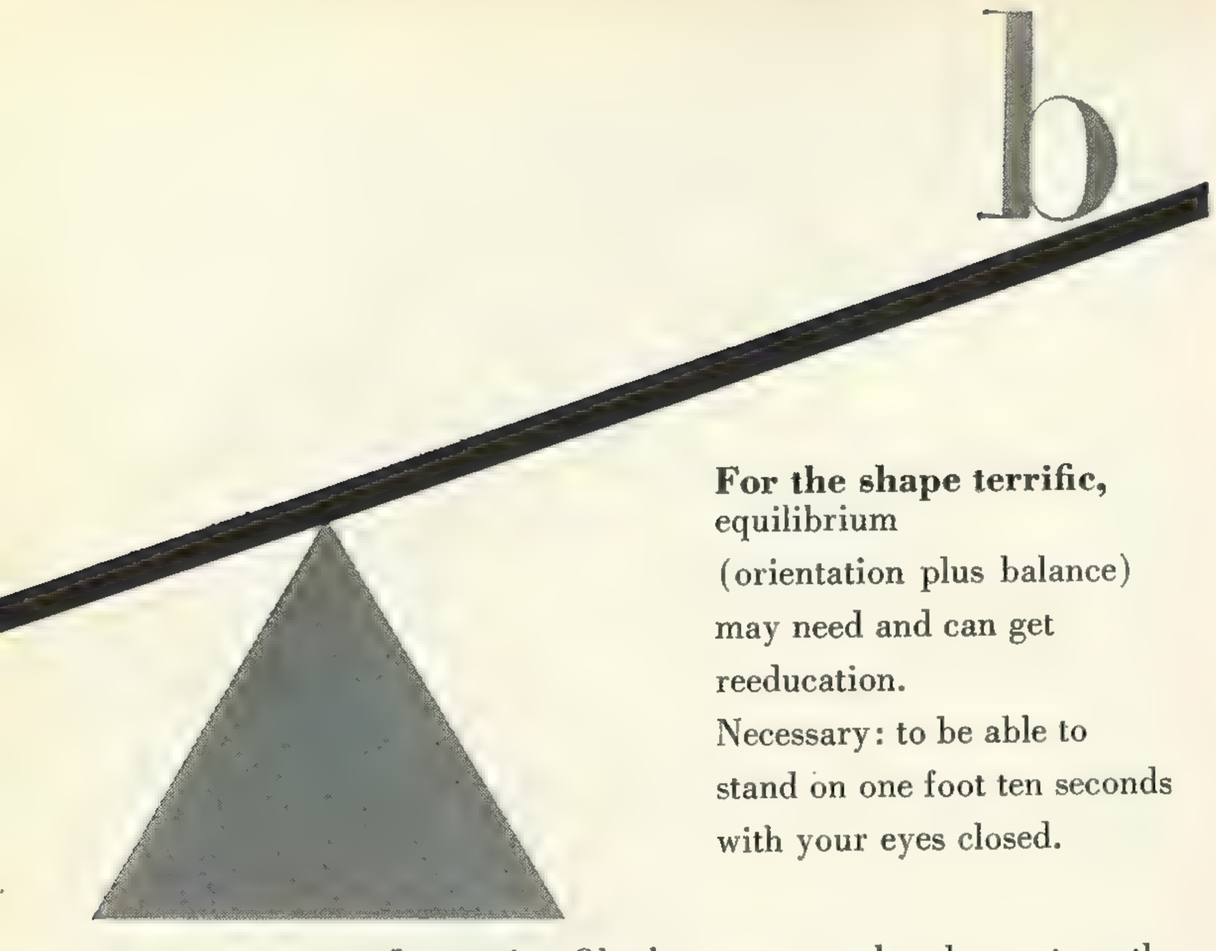
continued

the kind of compatible moderate who "can't think of a worse way to start the day than to get up in the morning." (Totally unfriendly to the A.M., he will go on to say that "whoever dreamed up setting-up exercises in the morning is a masochist . . . for a normal life, have a ball, swing a little, and stay in shape.") . . . For elementary shape-maintenance, he is an articulate champion of isometrics, and his book about those adorably undemanding exercises, *How to Exercise Without Moving a Muscle,* will be published this spring by Bernard Geis. . . . Isometrics involve holding a muscle in static contraction, perfectly still, as opposed to isotonic exercises, which include any activity that involves motion—for instance, walking or sitting.

Four basic isometrics that you can start doing this moment without benefit of equipment, teacher, or group therapy. Allow six seconds per muscle; concentrate on muscle contraction; breathe normally. 1. For abdomen, sit upright in chair and try to press abdomen through back of chair. Done consistently, this should restore strength of abdominal wall and, more fascinatingly to the shape-taker, should remove one or two inches from the waist measurement during a month . . . 2. For legs, back, and arms, grasp an immovable object that stands about six inches from the floor and attempt to lift, making sure you keep your back straight . . . 3. For arm and shoulder, try to curl a piano or heavy desk up towards the chest . . . 4. For shoulders, chest, and arms, stand in a doorway, reach overhead, and try to press the door jamb upward.

Istanbul: the nightdress that walks around the house . . .

Why no one ever thought of this before, we can't think —a nightdress that's harem-skirted and therefore more than a nightdress. We see it in a cool garden . . . slipped on after an evening swim . . . worn doubled, print over pure white, in any room in the house . . . or: moving freely, charmingly, through a stint of exercise.



For the shape terrific,
equilibrium
(orientation plus balance)
may need and can get
reeducation.
Necessary: to be able to
stand on one foot ten seconds
with your eyes closed.

Isometrics, Obeck stresses, work only on strength. For stamina and endurance, the isotonics are necessary. But strength affects stamina and endurance, and five minutes a day of isometric exercises can increase the strength of weak muscles up to five per cent a week. Walk by prescription and gain coordination. . . . Dr. Zofia Laszewski, a tall, free-striding, softly-chignoned beauty whose own coordinated grace speaks well for her rôle as Director of the Lenox Hill Hospital Department of Physical Medicine, runs a complex ship at that hospital. A master at the restoration of damaged bodies to maximum possible muscle performance, she deals with hydrotherapy whirlpools and swimming pools, with the sensitive grading of muscles and the assignment, to each muscle, of graduated exercises.

But when it comes to a physical fitness régime for a normal, sound woman in no need of her specialized body repair services, Dr. Laszewski's prescription would shame a laggard into taking the recommended dosage. It's simply walk, walk, walk, the while preserving an equal stride and a reciprocal pattern of arm and leg behaviour—left arm swinging forward simultaneously with right foot and vice versa.

For non-walking homework, she suggests a woman do any brief set of exercises that put the major joints of the body into action. Such as? Lie on hard floor. Flatten spine ten times. Rest. Then up and down to sitting position ten times. Rest. From sitting position, touch toes ten times. Rest. Return to back, raise legs ten inches above the floor. Rest. On floor, lie on stomach, raise upper body, arms, and legs simultaneously ten times. Rest. Roll to right and left with arms and legs crossed and extended, and body in straight alignment. Rest. Assiduous allegiance to such a program, Dr. Laszewski (Continued on page 131)

Istanbul: the nightdress that's more than a nightdress . . .

Istanbul could be successor to the sensational bedside toga designed, as this is, by Sylvia Pedlar of Iris. A patent is pending; meanwhile, Istanbul comes in tricot of Du Pont nylon in either print, left or right (both prints by Bill Poole for Onondaga). About $23 each. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.







HORST

THE LELAND HAYWARDS

The English, notoriously, have a weakness for country life. So, too, though less notoriously, have many Americans. But not all; and certainly not Leland Hayward. For him, of all men, the country is quite simply unsuited for human habitation. New York, and New York only, is in his blood. A famous Broadway producer, and before that a famous agent, and before that just a famous young man, he is the producer of the new television show, "That Was the Week That Was," and is preparing two musicals and one play for Broadway this year.

Recently he allowed himself to be persuaded by his English wife that they couldn't exist without a country house as well as their city apartment. Of course he made his stipulations—there must be a limited budget for furnishing and decoration; she and not he must discover the house, and discover it at not too great a distance from his New York. She did, about forty miles away. He now spends his weekends in some of the wildest country within a New Yorker's reach. (On a visit, not long ago, even such an inveterate English country-lover as Lady Diana Cooper remarked that it reminded her of Lapland.) And one can not help suspecting that he is actually becoming rather attached to "Haywire House"—named for his international cable address.

The house that the Haywards have bought stands alone on a hilltop overlooking distant Croton Lake. At first sight it is not particularly impressive. But what seems, as one arrives, to be a prosaic, one-storey cottage with a courtyard and a garage at the entrance turns out to be two storeys of spacious rooms, built into the side of the hill and commanding a sweeping view of woods and water. The windows on the southern side are high and wide. There is no mystery here: only surpassing comfort, colours as clean as tubes of fresh (Continued on next page)

For their country life, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward, *left above*, each have a small *folie*. Hers: a yellow-and-black mini-tractor in which "I go chugging up and down mowing the landing strip and the grass." His: a three-seater Bell helicopter for commuting from New York (eighteen minutes).

The library, *right above*, "The most important thing in the country is a big library," Mrs. Hayward said. The slate-black, floor-to-ceiling bookcases hold both old bindings and new, with some book jackets facing front. Before the fireplace, a blue-and-white Tibetan rug. In the far right corner, an eighteenth-century architect's desk.

Right centre, the façade of "Haywire House." Mrs. Hayward said: "It is like two houses. In winter we live on the top floor; in summer, all over."

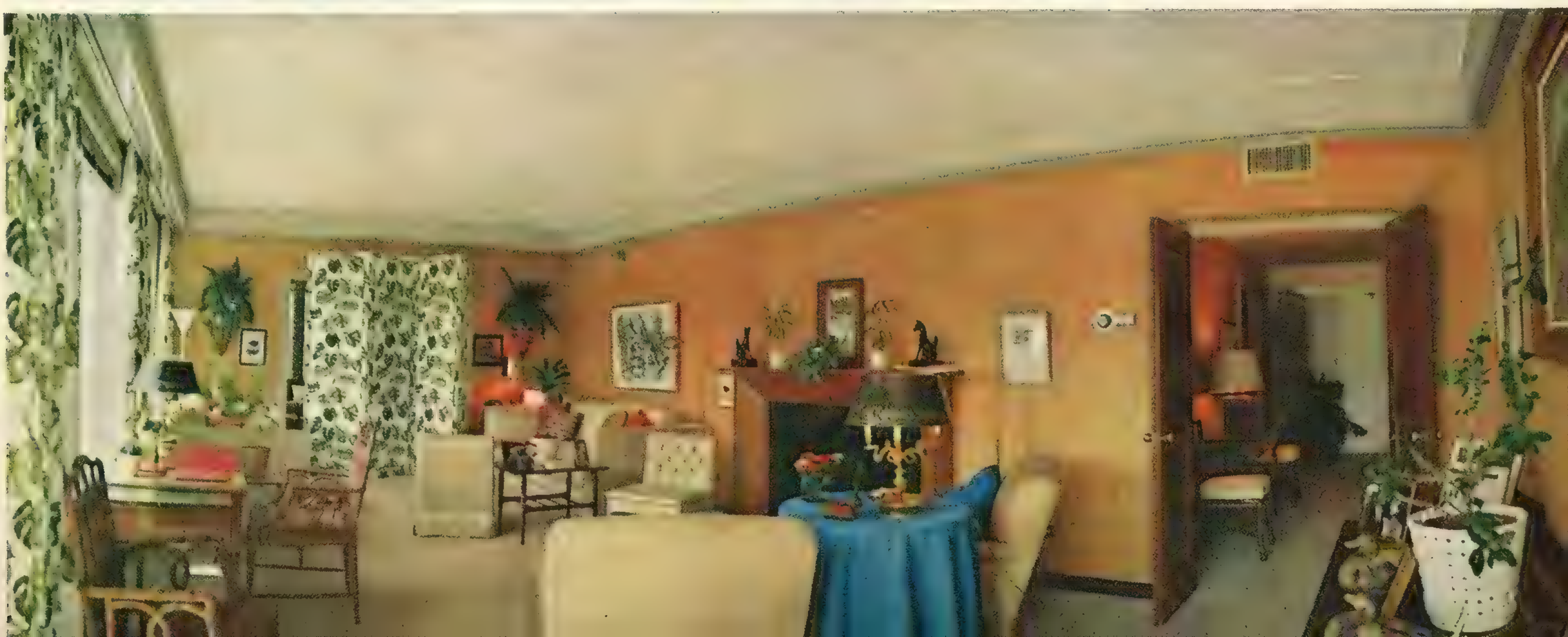
Right below, the downstairs drawing room. This room with its English Regency bamboo chairs, plus a tall screen in the same leafy chintz as the curtains, is used mostly, Mrs. Hayward said, "When we have a lot of people."

OF "HAYWIRE HOUSE"

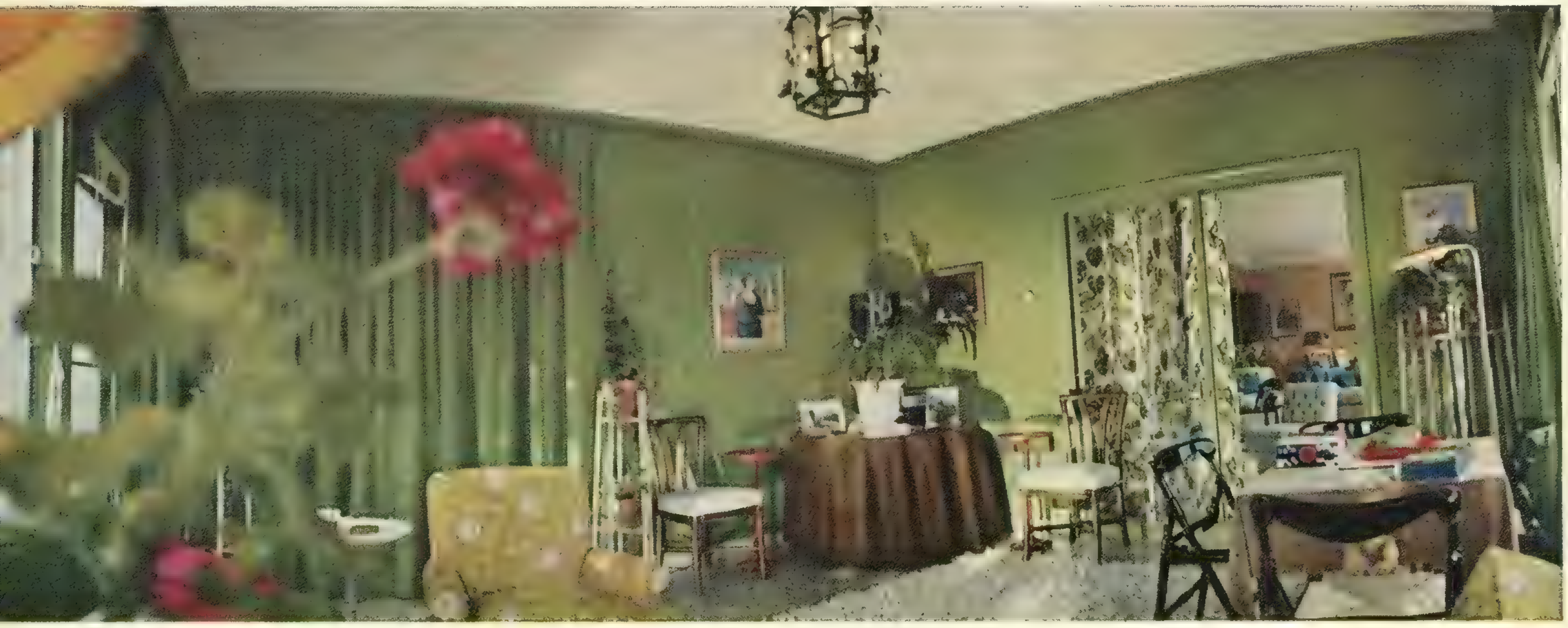


This house, like "Lapland in the winter but Switzerland in the summer," has fifty miles of view only eighteen minutes from New York by helicopter.

By Valentine Lawford











HORST

Mrs. Hayward has an English-woman's facility for country comforts, for making a house, not beautiful to begin with, into a romantic, desirable retreat.

A tawny-haired, green-eyed Englishwoman, Mrs. Hayward, *above*, worked with M. Boudin of Jansen, one of the world's great experts on interior design. "I thought that with a new house I could use a sense of *fantaisie*," she said. One of her most effective fantasies: the use of the Verrières floral pattern in prints—named after Louise de Vilmorin's place near Paris—all through the house. On the sofa in her yellow room, the colour of the print is persimmon and gold.

Above left, Mr. Hayward's sitting room—for television and reading—is all black and white, with, above the sofa, a Picasso drawing. On the floor, another of "those flat, hard-wearing Tibetan rugs."

Centre left. The green room has a long-haired Swedish rug in off-white, chairs in the yellow Verrières print, a card table constantly at the ready. The room has triple duties: "Our card room, the guest sitting room, an overflow room for parties."

Below left, Mrs. Hayward's sitting room. "This is the room we live in, we breakfast in, we relax in," said Mrs. Hayward. She designed the room with M. Boudin who suggested white trellising on yellow walls. Because M. Boudin is an authority on French eighteenth-century furniture, Mrs. Hayward thought that he would be horrified that the house is modern. "But," she said, "he adored it." Solid bamboo furniture came from San Francisco and Hawaii but the rug from Sweden.

LELAND HAYWARD

THE LELAND HAYWARDS OF "HAYWIRE HOUSE" continued

paint, and the greatest of comforts and cleanest of colours to the stranger's eye, the prevailing blue of the American sky, winter and summer alike. Most houses are a guide to the character of the women who live in them; and this house, with its atmosphere of ease and airiness, its straightforward, almost matter-of-fact charm, is no exception.

Pamela Hayward's father, the 11th Baron Digby, is an exemplary twentieth-century English Peer, a one-time Master of Fox Hounds and Colonel in the Coldstream Guards, who lives on his ancestral estate and farms the land. Perhaps the only time he ever caused even a mild sensation was when he was photographed during the Second World War, personally selling his dairy-produce from a van on the street.

In her teens, Pamela Digby herself was a plumply pretty schoolgirl, remarkable only for a talent for riding her pony at horse shows and carrying off most of the prizes. But then, at the age of nineteen, on the day after Britain declared war on Germany, she married Randolph Churchill, the son of Sir Winston Churchill.

During those war years, when she met and entertained thousands of Allied soldiers, sailors, airmen, and office-workers, Pamela Churchill, as she then was, deserved quite as fully as her seventeenth-century relative the title of "Ornament of England." And she has preserved from that period a collection of unique, personal memorabilia; light-hearted long-distance messages from President Roosevelt; gay notes pushed under doors by Harry Hopkins; paternal letters from her famous father-in-law.

She paid her first visit to America at the end of the war, as the guest of President Kennedy's sister, Lady Hartington. And from then on she was frequently here, working occasionally for the London *Evening Standard*. For a while, however, she made her headquarters in Paris, where she not only acquired an expert knowledge of French furniture from her friends, Carlos de Beistegui, Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, and Georges Geffroy, but also contrived to be *persona grata* in the various, mutually critical worlds that made up the post-war Paris *monde*.

There was no strain or effort about it. From having been English, she had simply and naturally become a European. As simply and naturally as, since 1960, through her marriage to Leland Hayward, she has become a New Yorker—although one with an English accent.

The Haywards' apartment on Fifth Avenue is large and luxurious. It contains, as well as a fine Vuillard and a glowing Soutine portrait which have long been among Leland Hayward's own possessions, several of the best examples of the collection of eighteenth-century French furniture which Pamela Hayward assembled during her years in Paris. Perhaps most cherished of all is a considerable share of the flower-embroidered silk upholstery originally made for the pavilion in which Marie-Antoinette, on her arrival in French territory to marry the future Louis XVI, took off her Austrian clothes and jewels and put on the (Continued on page 130)

DINNER FOR EIGHT

TURTLE SOUP
(with sherry)

ROAST BEEF

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

PEAS SALLIE*

BABA AU RHUM*
(with whipped cream)

WINE: BEAUNE, 1959

Roast beef? And Yorkshire pudding? And peas? It's simple to the point of lunacy. It is so simple—and so good—that almost no one with any experience in building a menu would reveal that simplicity. The circumstances of this dinner for eight are these: the beef framed by a soup, light, rich, and definite, and by twelve small babas, totally stoned in rum. There is no fooling around with the roast for "Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks." The only improvement possible to good beef and a pudding cooked in its drippings is a good red Burgundy to go with it.



VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

PEAS SALLIE

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

2 boxes of frozen small peas
⅓ stick of butter
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons currant jelly
Salt and freshly-ground pepper

Melt the butter, the currant jelly, and the sugar together in a double boiler. Cook the frozen peas gently, then pour them into the jelly mixture, mixing thoroughly but keeping everything hot in the double boiler until served. At the last minute add salt and the freshly-ground pepper.

THE SNAPPER: The currant jelly.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

BABA AU RHUM

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

12 small babas
1 pint of whipping cream
½ cup of good rum

Take twelve small babas—make them, or buy them, either in bottles or from a bakery the day before they are to be eaten. Put them on a platter, pour the rum over them, cover with foil, and put them in the refrigerator overnight to chill and to absorb all the extra rum. Serve with a bowl of unsweetened whipped cream that has been whipped, but not to a peak.

THE SNAPPER: The extra jot of rum against cool cream.

THE DYNASTY

(Continued from page 95)

Of the two founders of the family, the younger, VIETATO SPUTARE, was less violent and more successful than his brother. Eschewing force as crude and venom as vile, he relied on a series of happy accidents to attain his diplomatic ends. A carpenter in his employment removed two steps from the private staircase of the Marchese del Bel Paese. A cook upset a pan of burning grease at the wedding festivities of the lovely Hypnerotomachia Poliphili. A groom put a mustard plaster beneath the saddle of the Duke of Niente Patate. The robe of honour which his wardrobe-master presented to the handsome young Sborsi del Portiere had been worn by a sufferer from smallpox. By these and similarly delicate manoeuvres, Vietato Sputare had become master of the entire territory between Naples and Mergellina when his career was interrupted. Receiving a letter from one of his rivals, he forgot to put on his gloves before opening and reading it. He is buried in the ancestral Campo Vietato, now unfortunately hidden by the Naples city dump ("Il Dumpo Funicolare").

In its third generation this family produced some truly remarkable characters. Of the sons of Vietato L'Ingresso, one made a career of seafaring. Shipping as purser on the argosy "Asti Spumante," he enlisted ten of the crew, captured the vessel, sold the passengers and officers in Algiers, and set up as a piratical man. His name, VIETATO CARICARE E SCARICARE, was soon feared. He never married.

Of his seventy-three children, one became famous by inventing an ingenious device to keep ships steady in harbour. It consisted of an iron hook, tied to a long cable and let down to a suitable part of the bottom of the roadstead, where it usually caught and held fast. Until his day, sailors had used large stones, which always slipped off the rope. After his name, VIETATO L'ANCORAGGIO, this instrument was named an "anchor."

In later years this powerful family began to intermarry with the Medici, and soon died out. In the annals of Venice there are faint traces of a gondolier—perhaps a byblow of one of its members—called DIVIETO DI SOSTA. He proved that a gondolier could row with two oars at once, and died of a strangulated hernia.

Last and loveliest, like the rose which struggles into bloom even as the first frosts whiten its leaves, was the exquisite VIETATA L'AFFISSIONE. When she was eleven, a child of radiant beauty, her father fell in love with her. Instead of returning his affection, she exchanged pledges of love with her brother, VIETATO ATTRAVERSARE IL BINARIO. Maddened by her rejection, her father then killed her brother and served her his heart in a dish of *saltimbocca romana*. At this, Vietata's mother poisoned her unnatural husband, and converted his skull into a drinking-cup ornamented with lapis lazuli (now in the Pazzi Palace). She was, however, captured by her husband's kinsmen, and executed by them in a gigantic pressure-cooker. Vietata L'Affissione married her uncle and lived happily ever after. In Leonardo da Vinci's painting, "The Madonna of the Rocks," she is the second rock on the left.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This amusing, imaginary bit of history is the work of Ghilberto degli Higheti, whose alias is Gilbert Highet, Anthon Professor at Columbia.

WALKING IN THE RAIN (accessories from pages 82-85)

Page 82: Black patent leather headband, by Halston. To order: Bergdorf Goodman. NoMend stockings: Altman's. *Page 83:* Conical silk scarf-cap by Hermès (also, page 85). Black boots on pages 82, 83; by Kickerinos, of Du Pont's Pattina, Acrilan-lined. Ariadne stockings and Wear-Right gloves: Lord & Taylor. *Pages 84-85:* Two-piece hat—black patent leather *boule* over black patent leather baby-cap strapped under the chin; by Adolfo. With the black double-breasted coat, black kidskin boots by Charles Jourdan; Hansen "Complexion" gloves of Du Pont nylon: Bloomingdale's.

THE PRETTIEST FIGURES

Black lace for the deepest décolletages in fashion



Celebrating the return of décolletage, plunging black lace brassières with a charming way of holding the bosom—high, rounded. *Above:* A black lace brassière cut low enough for the plungiest dress, with lacy straps set out to the edge of the shoulders, and with cups contoured to lift and round the bosom. Of nylon lace. About $7. By Marja. De Pinna. *Below:* A lacy black-on-pink half brassière with underwired cups. The U-shaped wire between is adjustable to the width and depth of the neckline desired. Of nylon net and hand-clipped lace. About $15. From Edith Lances.



© DUNN AND McCARTHY, INC. 1964

look again.

it's the new, modern
Enna Jettick
look.



From the surprising new collection. Black Patent Comet. $12.99. Other Enna Jetticks $9.99 to $12.99. Distant Points Slightly Higher.

Dunn and McCarthy, Inc., Auburn, New York.

THE LELAND HAYWARDS OF "HAYWIRE HOUSE"

(Continued from page 127)

clothes and jewels of a dauphine of France. But far from being content merely to transport the trappings of her Paris life to New York, Mrs. Hayward has sought and found a new use for the knowledge and taste that she had acquired.

The interior of the Hayward country house is essentially practical as well as pleasant to the eye. A good half of the charm of everything there is that everything works. And few housewives in the state of New York can be prouder than this one of the well-appointed quarters for her staff, her large, modern kitchen on one floor and her little private kitchen on the other, her forest of closets, her water-softener, and her heated circular swimming pool among the trees on the hill.

Here and there in the house are examples of the kind of objects that she buys professionally for the Jansen shop on New York's Fifty-Seventh Street: solid bamboo furniture, stained or painted, from Hong Kong or Hawaii; Charles Eames materials woven in California; round tables, with velvet covers reaching to the ground, that can be treated as permanent fixtures or easily unscrewed and folded up when they are not required; easels of steel and gilt to carry small paintings; wall-coverings of raffia or grass-paper or Mexican cotton.

There are reminders of her years in France: her friend Louise de Vilmorin's favourite "Verrières" printed pattern in the yellow room, blue-and-white toile-de-Jouy-patterned towels, pillows, and sheets. And countless reminders of England: most reminiscent of all, the downstairs living room, innocent of any decorative scheme, full of flowers and sofas and silver-framed photographs—in one of which her adult son, still known as Little Winston, is shown as a child having his hair smoothed down by his mother before going off, in lace jabot and satin coat and knee-breeches, to attend his grandfather as page at the Coronation.

Perhaps there is something peculiarly typical of the English-woman-in-the-country about the rapidity with which she has set about acquiring useful local knowledge, establishing almost a monopoly in trade with the nearest florist, and unearthing a retired carpenter with the skill and time to carry out her designs. And who but an Englishwoman would have bought a miniature tractor and driven it for hours on end, cutting long walks for herself through the thorns, ragweed and poison-ivy of the limitless woods around?

One might be tempted to regard Pamela Hayward's tractor as an answer to Leland Hayward's helicopter, were it not that she uses it also for mowing the high field behind the house that serves him as a landing strip. Far from being a rival, the helicopter is in fact an ally. For anything that can conceivably convert the townsman to a taste for country living must be aided and abetted. The whole point of the experiment would be missed if he were not one day to enjoy the place as much as she does.

In their New York apartment one will sometimes see a vase of Sterling Silver Roses—hybrids that are actually less like silver than some improbable compound of black and white and shocking pink. Leland Hayward always gives a bunch of them to his wife on her birthday and on private anniversaries: and they have become such a symbol of happiness that she has had a painting made of one of them so that she need never be without their symbolic flower.

What happens in VOGUE MARCH 1...?

The Paris Collections—
reported first-hand by
the editors of Vogue
straight facts...new ideas...
what's important...
what's coming here

(Continued from page 123)

said, will build endurance, alleviate fatigue, improve emotional make-up, posture, radiance, and endow the doer possibly with that especially helpful quality—eagerness to accept challenge.

Close the eyes and improve equilibrium. . . . Nicholas Kounovsky, a big man with a big and never-slipping Chevalier-like charm, has a system called Six Factors of Physical Fitness and a studio-gymnasium in New York where novices who, on first visit, might have found it painful to touch their toes, find on a a near visit thereafter that they are standing on their hands and liking it.

Here are Kounovsky's Six Factors and sample tests to see how you stack up against them. 1. Endurance, or resistance to fatigue. One test: Take your pulse at rest. Then run or jump in place for one minute. Take pulse again and see how long it requires to return to normal; between three to five minutes is the norm; the quicker is the better. 2. Suppleness, or flexibility. One test: Stand at arm's length, back to wall. Bring one leg backward, and touch wall with foot without changing position of body. 3. Equilibrium, the state of balance and sense of orientation. Test: Stand on one foot, eyes closed, control the balance for ten seconds, keeping the body and foot still. 4. Strength, or muscular force. Test: Lie on back on floor, knees half bent, arms upstretched parallel to the thighs. From this position, sit up without swinging arms; repeat ten times. 5. Speed, the rapidity of body movements. Test: Lie flat on back, arms stretched back. Sit up, bend knees, and touch toes, arms between legs. Return to supine position. Ten times in ten seconds is good overall speed. 6. Skill, or coordination. Test: See how fast you can learn to do this with absolute accuracy and without reference to these instructions. a) Right arm forward, left arm downward. b) Right arm upward, left arm forward. c) Right arm sideways, left arm upward. d) Right arm downward, left arm sideways. e) Right arm forward, left arm downward.

In a private trial that embarks a woman on a Kounovsky course, Kounovsky and his instructors grade the degree of development of each of the Six Factors in order to determine the training called for. Then the custom-made training commences in small one-hour classes, preferably twice a week, in a pleasant gym with windows that look out on West Fifty-Seventh Street—and look in on parallel bars, exercise rings, trapezes, climbing ropes, but no visible clock. "Here we don't grow old," Kounovsky said firmly.

Some other Kounovsky maxims are that a lesson should be a lift not only for the physique but the psyche, too. He likes his students to end up smiling, and he aims in his exercise programming for a nice bounce of stress and relax. Contract in one move, relax in the next. "Life is, after all, the right combination of relaxation and contraction."

Another Kounovsky-ism is the avoidance of too many repetitions of one exercise. He feels that when one muscle can be exercised so many ways, there is no point in overdoing one of them. "A woman gets bored. The point is to keep her interested." All the women working out in the class we observed seemed interested—and they ended up smiling broadly.

Wring out the body and avoid all sorts of calamities. Over on the section of Eighth Avenue known as Jacobs' Beach, an eighty-four-year-old dynamo by the name of Joseph Hubertus Pilates runs a gym unique on this earth. A man whose extraordinary physical prowess is matched in intensity by the power of his resoundingly-articulated convictions, Pilates started developing his theories when he was a child in Germany watching children and animals at play. ("Note how a caged lion retains his litheness and his strength," he said.)

In his gym, instructors, students, and Mr. Pilates himself may be found at almost any daylight hour stretching themselves out on a maze of fascinating machines of Pilates's invention, machines that for the most part incorporate some sort of spring action, but no electricity. They are regarded with enormous warmth by the people—young, aging, and well-aged—who have used them successfully to pursue Pilates's physique- and strength-building program of "Contrology."

What is "Contrology?" Pilates describes it in print this way, italics and hyphens included: "Contrology is specifically designed and conducted to *arouse* sluggish blood, d-i-s-t-e-n-d every capillary, *force* lymph through every interstice: by s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g every muscle and sinew and *wringing-out* the body. All under the strict control of the awakened brain in each of its ten billions of nerve cells."

Ideally, the wringing-out takes place in Pilates's own, or a Pilates-equipped, gym. Until one can become a member of such (there's a waiting list, we understand, at the Eighth Avenue address), here's a Daily Dozen to try at home. Pilates prescribes this to go with one of his devices, a Relaxor Bed, but it works out all right on a civilian bed.

1. Lie flat on back, arms outstretched backward grasping headboard (if there is one) and both feet apart held down by footboard (if there is one). 2. Inhale and raise body up to sitting position. 3. Exhale while bending forward as far as possible. 4. Flat on back again, arms straight back, inhale while lifting legs to right-angle position. 5. Exhaling, roll legs backward to touch back of bed. 6. Spread legs apart, inhale while returning to position 4. Keep legs apart while exhaling. 7. Reverse action. Legs apart, inhale while bringing legs to position 4. Exhale going to position 5. 8. Sit up, bend knees, grab ankles with arms between the knees, and roll back to next position. 9. While exhaling, press head between back-stretched legs against mattress, return to position 8. 10.

(Continued on page 133)



It's what's inside that counts. We invite you to touch-test Accentuette with any padded bra you have ever worn, and see for yourself the unbelievable natural beauty. Shown: #208 — design with patented slant-cup pads. Raises and rounds from side. $8.95.

Accentuette

For name of store nearest you and free booklet on other styles, "How to Pick a Perfect Padded Bra," write Accentuette, 3620 Eastham Drive, Dept. V., Culver City, Calif.

A Diamond Nail Dresser

It's called
Diamon Deb...
it lasts a lifetime...
it shapes nails
smoother than emery
board without excess
dust and harsh
noises. Here's what
makes it so mira-
culously effective.
Tiny diamond
particles encrusted
on the nickel-silver
base file nails
so incredibly fine
that the nail ends
become as smooth
as the nail surface.
This prevents split-
ting and peeling.
This permits nails
to grow longer,
stronger, straighter.
Diamon Deb
is rustproof—
it comes in 3 sizes:
4 inch $1.00;
6 inch $1.25;
8 inch $1.50.
Also sold in Canada.
P.S. We just
invented a new nail
strengthener that
stops nail polish
chipping. It is called
Diamon Glaze.



a division of
KURLASH

(Continued from page 81)

times people are all seething underneath. You don't know what terrible things people have to fight against. You should look at persons' eyes, that's how you tell . . . when I was like that, after I lost my leg, I went to a nice doctor man and said I was going mad, but he said, don't worry, everyone locks up things like that. You don't know what a stage—horrible, horrible, awful things. I was afraid of myself, of what I used to dream. I wasn't myself at all."

In the Royal Free Hospital was my mother, Sister McVeagh. He married his nurse which, as they both said often enough (though in different tones of voice), was just as well. That was in 1919. He could not face being a bank clerk in England, he said, not after the trenches. Besides, England was too narrow and conventional. Besides, the civilians did not know what the soldiers had suffered, they didn't want to know, and now it wasn't done even to remember "The Great Unmentionable." He went off to the Imperial Bank of Persia, in Kermanshah, in which town I was born. The house was beautiful, with great stone-floored high-ceilinged rooms whose windows showed ranges of snow-streaked mountains. The gardens were full of roses, jasmine, pomegranates, walnuts. Kermanshah he spoke of with liking, but soon they went to Teheran, populous with "Embassy people" and my gregarious mother created a lively social life about which he was irritable even in recollection.

Irritableness—that note was first struck here, about Persia. He did not like, he said, "the graft and the corruption." But here it is time to try and describe something difficult—how a man's good qualities can also be his bad ones, or if not bad, a danger to him. My father was honourable—he always knew exactly what that word meant. He had integrity. His "One does not do that sort of thing," his "No, it is *not* right," sounded throughout my childhood and were final for all of us. I am sure it was true he wanted to leave Persia because of "the corruption." But it was also because he was already unconsciously longing for something freer, because as a bank official he could not let go into the dream-logged personality that was waiting for him. And in Rhodesia, too, what was best in him was also what prevented him from shaking away the shadows: it was always in the name of honesty, or decency that he refused to take this step or that out of the slow decay of the family's fortunes.

In 1925 there was leave from Persia. It would be bad to take small children through the Red Sea in summer, so they came across Russia, the first British family to travel as ordinary tourists after the Revolution. Very dramatic, the reminiscences of that journey, but full of the irritation earned later by the Africans: not, how terrible that they were poor, uneducated, sick; but, how infuriating that the incompetent Bolsheviks allowed famine, allowed children to run about in hungry gangs, permitted inefficient train services. On the basis of that journey my parents were both experts forever on the subject of international Communism.

That year there was an Empire Exhibition, and on the Southern Rhodesian stand some very fine maize cobs and a poster saying that fortunes could be made on maize at 25 shillings a bag. So on an impulse, turning his back forever on England, washing his hands of the corruption of the East, my father collected all his capital, £800 I think, while my mother packed curtains from Liberty's, clothes from Harrods, visiting cards, a piano, Persian rugs, a governness, and two small children.

Soon, there was my father in a cigar-shaped house of thatch and mud on the top of a *kopje* that overlooked in all directions a great system of mountains, rivers, valleys, while overhead the sky arched from horizon to empty horizon. This was a couple of hundred miles south from the Zambesi, a hundred or so west from Mozambique, in the district of Banket, so called because certain of its reefs were of the same formation as those called banket on the Rand. Lomagundi—gold country, tobacco country, maize country, wild, almost empty. (The Africans had been turned off it into Reserves.) Our neighbours were four, five, seven miles off. In front of the house no neighbours, nothing; no farms, just wild bush with two rivers but no fences to the mountains seven miles away. And beyond these mountains and bush again to the Portuguese border over which "our boys" used to escape when wanted by the police for pass or other offences.

And then? There was bad luck. For instance, the price of maize dropped from 25 shillings to 9 shillings a bag. The seasons were bad, prices bad, crops failed. This was the sort of thing that made it impossible for him ever to "get off the farm" which, he agreed with my mother, was what he most wanted to do. It was an absurd country, he said. A man could "own" a farm for years that was totally mortgaged to the Government and run from the Land Bank, meanwhile employing half-a-hundred Africans at 12 shillings a month and none of them knew how to do a day's work. Why, two farm labourers from Europe could do in a day what twenty of these ignorant black savages would take a week to do. (Yet he was proud that he had a name as a just employer, that he gave "a square deal.") Things got worse. A fortune-teller had told him that her heart ached when she saw the misery ahead for my father: this was the misery.

But it was my mother who suffered. After a period of neurotic illness which was a protest against her situation, she became brave and resourceful. But she never saw that her husband was not living in a real world, and that his need not to was so strong he had made a captive of her common sense.

We were always about to "get off the farm." A miracle would do it—a sweepstake, finding a gold mine, a legacy. And

then? What a question—we would go to England where life would be normal with people coming in for musical evenings and nice supper parties at the Trocadero after a show. Poor woman, for the twenty years on the farm, she waited for when life would begin for her and for her children, for she never understood that what was a calamity for her was for us a blessing.

Meanwhile my father sank towards his death (at sixty-one). Everything changed in him. He had been a dandy and fastidious, now he hated to change out of shabby khaki. He had been sociable—now he was misanthropic. His body's disorders—soon diabetes and all kinds of stomach ailments—dominated him. He was brave about his wooden leg, and even went down mine shafts and climbed trees with it, but he walked clumsily and it irked him badly. He greyed fast, and slept more in the day, but would be awake half the night pondering about....

It could be gold divining—for ten years he experimented on private theories to do with the attractions and repulsions of metals. His whole soul went into it, but his theories were wrong or he was *unlucky*—after all, if he had found a mine he would have had to leave the farm. It could be the relation between the minerals of the earth and of the moon; his decision to make infusions of all the plants on the farm and drink them himself in the interests of science; the criminal folly of the British Government in not realizing that the Germans and the Russians were conspiring as anti-Christ to . . . the inevitability of war because no one would listen to Churchill, but it would be all right because God (by then he was a British Israelite) had destined Britain to rule the world; a prophecy said ten million dead would surround Jerusalem—how would the corpses be cleared away?; people who wished to abolish flogging should be flogged; the natives understood nothing but a good beating; hanging must not be abolished because the Old Testament said "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. . . ."

Yet, as this side of him darkened, so that it seemed all his thoughts were of violence, illness, war, still no one dared to make an unkind comment in his presence or to gossip. Criticism of people, particularly of women, made him more and more uncomfortable till at last he burst out with—"It's all very well, but no one has the right to say that about another person."

In Africa, when the sun goes down, the stars spring up, all of them in their expected places, glittering and moving. In the rainy season, the sky flashed and thundered. In the dry season, the great dark hollow of night was lit by veldt fires: the mountains burned through September and October in chains of red fire. Every night my father took out his chair to watch the sky and the mountains, smoking, silent, a thin shabby fly-away figure under the stars. "Makes you think—there are so many worlds up there, wouldn't really matter if we did blow ourselves up—plenty more where we came from."

The Second World War, so long foreseen by him, was a bad time. His son was in the Navy and in danger, and his daughter a sorrow to him. He became very ill. More and more often it was necessary to drive him into Salisbury with him in a coma, or in danger of one, on the back seat. My mother moved him into a pretty little suburban house in town near the hospitals, where he took to his bed and a couple of years later died. For the most part he was unconscious under drugs. When awake he talked obsessively (a tongue licking an old sore place) about "the old war." Or he remembered his youth. "I've been dreaming—lord, to see those horses come lickety-split down the course with their necks stretched out and the sun on their coats and everyone shouting. . . . I've been dreaming how I walked along the river in the mist as the sun was rising . . . lord, lord, lord, what a time that was, what good times we all had then, before the old war."

SHAPE-TAKING BULLETIN

(Continued from page 131)

Flat on back: raise feet slightly, point toes, lift head to chest level, stretch arms down body at sides. 11. Still on back: Stretch left leg out flat. Place right hand on right knee, left hand on right ankle. Pull right knee to ear while inhaling. Then, stretching right leg out, pull left leg in same way while exhaling. 12. Still on back, inhale and pull both legs to chest. Then extend both legs, exhaling.

Such wringing-out, Joe Pilates is certain, makes illness obsolete. It has in his case—and in countless others among the Pilates faithful.

A student asked pretty Clara Pilates, who is eighty years old, what kind of a Christmas she'd had. "I'm afraid I had the virus," Mrs. Pilates said apologetically.

"Of course," her husband growled indignantly. "She hasn't been doing her exercises."

Kick into shape: ballet therapy for non-ballerinas. For those who like their exercise with frosting, professional ballet lessons given to amateur, non-ballet directed women are a diverting sport. One such teacher is Patricia Bowman, a small, thrillingly flexible blonde counted a prima among the American-born prima ballerinas.

Miss Bowman welcomes to what she calls her "stretch classes" women whose minds were previously never crossed by a pirouette—or whose last dancing class was perhaps thirty years ago. In a cheery ambiance with hi-fi purring in the background, she leads her students through an hour of ballet practice, demonstrating every move herself, winding up perhaps with a waltz step, eliciting often totally unexpected grace—and, like every dedicated body-improver, loving every moment of it.



In the privacy of your boudoir—the cool timelessness of a Roman goddess. The gown, accented with lace at midriff, two floating panels at the back. The slim toga fastens at shoulder with cascading lace down front, panel in back. Both in nylon satin tricot. White & bon bon pink. Sizes 30-36. Each about $40.

Robinson's/Southern California • Bonwit Teller • Sakowitz/ Houston • J.P. Allen/Atlanta

Or write: VIRGINIA WALLACE/1013 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles.



CLÉO DE MÉRODE

(Continued from page 92)

up to her chin, she possessed a line that was not only fluid but extremely personal.

Today in this house there is a studio where she takes a few pupils and teaches them to dance. Admittedly, last year she had had to give up for a bit when her health became bad and, for the first time in her life, she had to go to a doctor. The Marquise de Cuevas had insisted.

"What was the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, tension: I couldn't sleep. But a few pills, and I was relaxed and slept all night."

She is not, as far as I know, at all deaf; yet she paid scant attention to any interruption or query of mine. So while she talked I watched intently to reconcile the present with the past. This was the beauty of whom Falguière had carved in marble a life-size nude. This was the constant companion of Leopold II, King of the Belgians; she had treated the Villa Leopolda in the south of France as her own. When the King was blamed for atrocities committed in the Congo, he was jeered by his people calling after him, "Cléopolda."

The time passed as Mlle. de Mérode talked about having posed as a dancer for Degas and Forain. Perhaps because of the religious influences of her later years, she talked of herself in terms of a dedicated artist rather than as a *femme du monde* adored by the highest masculine echelon of the *belle époque*. Stubbornly I asked her about her appearances in Sem's caricatures, at Maxim's, and in the Bois. She answered that she never went to Maxim's, that only occasionally had she hired an *équipage* and, with her mother, gone to the park merely to look at all the great ladies of the "monde." . . . "It must have been then, on those rare occasions, that Sem saw me—my discipline was very strict—I was much too busy with my art to go out into the world."

How I wished for Cléo de Mérode to expatiate on the gaudier colours of Proust's Paris; like every other journalist that has ever approached her, I was in search of scandal. Surely she could tell stories of rivalry with "La Belle Otero," and Emmelienne d'Alençon, or of Liane de Pougy's pear pearls. But such gossip displeases her.

After a while I became a little anxious lest the afternoon would progress too far without my having started a drawing or taken a picture of her. At last I declared quite abruptly, "I would like to make a sketch of you."

"Oh, but why?" Mlle. de Mérode appeared startled.

"You looked so charming when you did that pose in profile with your hands up to your chin. May I get my sketchbook?" The drawing, a bit flimsy, pleased her so that when I asked to take a snapshot—oh miracle!—she agreed.

Cléo de Mérode posed in the attitudes of her youth: fingers clasped, lips pursed, eyelids lowered. She became the professional model again after forty years of retirement. The nose was the same famous, slightly aquiline beak. One had no regrets for the swan neck or those heavy, manelike tresses that had once fallen to her waist.

In search of various effects of light, we wandered about the apartment. She obliged by posing wherever I asked her. Only once was she unable to sit on a chair by the string-lace-curtained window in the hall: "It's too low for me."

She peered about the circular hall which gives off onto apartments let to others. "Five of us live here now; they are quite nice people. At first I got a man here who was *insupportable;* now he's replaced by an old Colonel. He's rather agreeable—and it's better than a change of address. I hate change! All my Paris life I've lived in the shadow of the Opéra!"

Once the rolls of film were exposed I felt an inner anxiety to hurry away lest any harm should come to my nostalgic loot. I was far more proud to have the latest photographs of this romantic luminary of the early '90's than of the newest star in today's firmament. But Mlle. de Mérode was now demonstrating how her upper lip had become longer with the years. "Come in here—let me show you." She conducted me to a shuttered dining room hung with huge lithographs and marble plaques of the young beauty. There were many vast lumps of alabaster, bronze, and marble, all depicting her as an angelic girl. "Look how much shorter their lips are—quite rounded—like rosebuds."

Mlle. de Mérode then brought out many envelopes, all full of her photographs. They were immaculate envelopes, nothing dusty and grimed with age about her. . . . Even her hands retain an immaculate porcelain sheen. In fact, this quality of more than average cleanliness is something extremely personal and attractive. . . . Cléo de Mérode's own private collection of her pictures was poor in comparison to those of many of her admirers who still cherish her image in cap and tweeds on a bicycle, or wearing Prince of Wales feathers on a large plate-like hat, always demurely demonstrating an innocence that today appears too good to be true.

She talked of present-day matters, for from the radio she knows a great deal about current events. She is familiar with the names of John Ogdon, the twenty-six-year-old English pianist, and all the young musicians of today, and with new films, and even makes an occasional visit to a ballet gala.

Suddenly she became anxious lest she had made a mistake in allowing me to photograph her. What if the results were awful and I sold them to the press? I reassured her that she should see the prints and that they must certainly please her. Eventually, I collected my hat and coat and my precious films. As I hurried down the circular stairs, the lady of ninety winters leaned over the iron balusters and called, "Remember, I am *très coquette*. Now, you've promised you'll destroy all those pictures which are bad?"

Too interested in the world to live in the past, Cléo de Mérode knows, nevertheless, how to protect her legend.

NICE KIDS' NIGHT PLACES, UPTOWN

A manual of the new fun places listed on page 78—plus a few more—that collect the young in New York.

Clustered Eastward and upward from Seventy-third Street and Third Avenue, the new uptown night places, for all their differences, are easy to identify. They all have most of the following points in common (none of them have every one).

1. Gauloises in the cigarette machine.
2. Tiffany glass lamps.
3. Young owners. Many have held more obvious jobs: advertising, selling, teaching school. They prefer the independence, hazards, and horrible hours of saloonkeeping.
4. Young crowd, partly because there is no cover charge, no minimum at any of these places. (Minor exception: a two-drink minimum in the back room at The Gordian Knot.)
5. Hamburgers—which reach some outer limit at Spark's Pub. Here they serve international ones—including a Russian hamburger with sour cream and caviar.
6. Jukeboxes with special records: i.e., W. C. Fields's temperance lecture.
7. Checked tablecloths.
8. Young personable waiters, who look totally non-pro, but often give better-than-pro service.
9. Entertainment—when there is live entertainment—is a pocket-sized concentrate of a Going Thing—folk-singing, Dixie, banjos.

MARTELL'S. (See page 78.) This soothing, deep-brown and blue pub is one of the most carefully thought-out places uptown. Free lunch weekends. No slapdash, no hokum. Even the gags are quiet: periodicals hanging on wires (as in a men's club) include *Paris Match, USSR, Art Voices, Inside Boxing,* and the catalogue of the St. David's School for boys. The food is peak pub, prepared by a Cuban head chef who makes good chicken pilaf and broiled mushrooms as well as marvellous thick fresh potato chips. Food is served from opening to closing. Hamburgers, $.75. Dinner-sized entrees, $2-$4.50. Noon to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1469 Third Avenue (near 83rd). UN 1-6110.

DORRIAN'S RED HAND. (See page 78.) The heavy pub atmosphere here has a British Empire bias: not only fish and chips on the menu, but bagpipe music on the jukebox. Dorrian's, which was written up in a Sidney, Australia paper, offers a Rugby cup for New York teams each year. The simple food has pleasant touches—good, made-on-the-spot tartar sauce, a horseradish salad dressing. Hamburger, $.60. Roast beef, $1.95. Open from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1616 Second Avenue (84th). RE 4-9841.

THE RED ONION. (See page 78.) In this narrow, red night-place, Dan McCall's Banjokers (two banjos and piano) play five nights a week; another group (two banjos and guitar) play on Mondays and Tuesdays. Straw boaters, sleeve garters, red-checked cloths, odd old engravings, and Tiffany glass lamps make it look like a college spoof of the nineties. The crowd (just that) and the waiters are attractive, young, vocal. Food amounts to hamburgers, period. Hamburger, $.75. Opens about 6:00 P.M. (but music starts only after 9:00). Closes about 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1586 Second Avenue (near 83rd). RH 4-9682.

CHARLIE BATES'S TIANA III. (See page 78.) People take this dance-and-sing parlour at their own risk. It can get boisterous, even out of hand. The pull of this old-fashioned place with its stained glass, its waiters in Derby hats, and its red-checked cloths, is the pianist, Bill Selden, who could put feet and lungs in a clam. What Selden doesn't finish off, Stan Levine's Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society Band takes care of on Sundays. Charlie Bates's is the only one of the new places to provide a dance floor. Hamburger, $.80, to filet mignon, $3.25. Open 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1487 First Avenue (near 78th). RE 4-9777.

ELAINE'S. This little place, washed in varnish-yellow light, and the sound of Italian rock and roll, is really a restaurant rather than a night place. It belongs on the new uptown nightvine because the owners are part of the clique. The food is slightly Italian. Elaine Kaufman, who, with Donald Ward, owns Elaine's, prefers to ignore the menu and cook for customers who simply say "Tempt me." A good, representative entrée, veal cutlet Medaglione, costs $2.75. Open 6:00 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. Kitchen closes at 1:00 A.M. Closed Mondays. 1703 Second Avenue (near 87th). TE 1-9558.

LLOYD'S. This small-ish bar, wrapped in red-flock paper, has lived a lifetime in six months: opened, succeeded, gone downhill (while the owner was skiing in Sugarbush) and started uphill again. Its hazard is location—an Eastern-uptown outpost. Its appeal lies mainly in Lloyd Thomas, a round-faced blondish young man, who cares about having his place filled with people he likes. The menu, in the small back dining room with a working fireplace, is in transition. It includes, of course, hamburgers. Open 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1683 First Avenue (near 87th). LE 4-9481.

SPARK'S PUB. This black sliver of a room, lightened with mirrors from the Salvation Army and a jukebox that has W. C. Fields's temperance lecture, is run by Don Spark, a young English actor who broadcasts, from his pub, a weekly FM radio interview show. This year-and-a-half-old pub is not strong on entertainment or atmosphere but

(Continued on page 137)



Now any woman can wear the new daring, baring fashions, with beauty and assurance, when she starts with Marja's Diva . . . the practically backless brassiere cut low and separated in front. Nylon lace with Dacron fluff pads for uplift, a supporting underbust wire, and freedom-giving elastic straps. White or black. B and C, 6.95. D, 7.50.

at the finest stores, or write

MARIA BRASSIERES • JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, or call MU 9-5900

Horsemanship

MEADOWBROOK MANOR
RIDING FARM IN POCONO MOUNTAINS
Coed 6-18 years. Families, too. Specializing in all forms of equitation. Swimming. Art lessons. July & August. Residential by week or month. **Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Fuegie, R. D. #3, East Stroudsburg, Pa.**

Girls' Camps

PERRY-MANSFIELD
Steamboat Springs, Colorado. 1st thru 10th grades in 4 units. Drama, Dance, Art, Singing, Horsemanship, flat and stock saddle. Pack Trips. Swimming. Also 11th and 12th grades and college units. Address: **Portia V. Mansfield, Box 4026, Carmel, California.**

CAMP RONDACK FOR GIRLS
ON SCHROON LAKE, NEW YORK
45th year. 150 girls, 7-16. Sailing, water skiing, riding, golf, tennis, music, art, dance, drama. Catalog: **Camp Rondack, 137 Oak Street, Dover, N.J. Telephone: N.J. (201) FO 6-1345**

LONGACRES
East Aurora, N.Y. A horse of your own to care for, beautiful mounts, training in jumping and showing. ARC swimming program, wide cultural interests, fun in camp sports; 8 weeks and shorter periods. **Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Kranz, 55 Radcliffe, Buffalo, N.Y.**

COWASSET—CAPE COD
The seashore camp. Fleet of sailboats, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, crafts, music, dramatics. Tutoring. Log cabins in spicy pines. Ages 6-16. 4 groups. 49th year. Brother Camp Namequoit. Catalog. **Mrs. Alice G. Peat, Holbrook, Mass.**

TEELA-WOOKET
The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun! 3 age groups. Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Drama. Tutoring. Trips. $425-$575. Outfit rented. Also Idlewild for Boys. Bklt. **Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hayden, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

Boys' Camp

VALLEY FORGE
MILITARY ACADEMY SUMMER CAMPS
A summer of recreation in heart of America's National Shrine. Ranger Camp (12-15). Pioneer Camp (10-12). Training in leadership and courtesy. Optional tutoring and developmental reading. Sport Karting! Band Camp (13-18) under renowned director. Individual instruction. Box 53, Wayne, Pa.

Any of the schools and camps listed will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

Junior College

CAREER OR UNIVERSITY PREPARATION MANOR JUNIOR COLLEGE
A State Accredited, Catholic Junior College for women. Liberal Arts; Legal, Medical, Executive Secretarial. Assoc. Degree. Affil. Catholic University. Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Basil the Great, oldest teaching order of nuns in the world.
For brochure, write
MANOR JUNIOR COLLEGE
Jenkintown, Pa.

Coeducational School

JUDSON SCHOOL—ARIZONA
Coed ranch school. Grades 1 to 12 (boarding 5-12). College prep. Warm, dry climate. Near Phoenix. Accredited. Small classes. Riding included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, riflery. 36th yr. Catalog. **David V. Wick, Headmaster, Scottsdale, Ariz.**

Retailing

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
Write Registrar, Rm. 209. Specify course. 1 year program. Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling. Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive dormitory for girls. (No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

R.P.I. RETAILING CAREERS
Would you like to be: A—Fashion Buyer? B—Sales Promotion Manager? C—Personnel Manager, Training Director? B.S., M.S. Degrees. Write or call **Mr. Buckner, School of Distribution, Richmond Professional Institute, Richmond, Virginia.**

Fine & Applied Arts

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF
INTERIOR DESIGN
SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE
Starts July 6th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. Send for Catalog S. Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. Send for Catalog C.
155 East 56th St., New York 22



TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*
Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. ***Register Now!***
Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display. Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077. TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

Art
STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration and Design. Fashion Merchandising with modeling. Dress Design. Fashion Illustration. Window Display. Coed. Residence for out-of-town girls, walking distance to school. Living accommodations secured for men. Individual advancement. Excellent professional instructors and equipment. For literature and entrance dates write Registrar Room 206. Specify course.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Home Study

INTERIOR DECORATION
Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free booklet. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 3382, Chicago, Ill. 60614.**

***NOW!* EASY-TO-SEW**
Learn MODERN DRESSMAKING at home!
Unique home study course teaches new speed-up methods and factory short cuts. Brings home sewers and professionals up-to-date. Starts beginners right. **Save Money—Sew Professionally—Make Money.** Certificate Awarded. FREE Booklet.
Susan Morris, LIFETIME CAREER SCHOOLS
Dept. V-24A · 11822 San Vicente Blvd. · Los Angles 49, Cal.

On file in our office we have information on junior schools, preparatory schools, junior and four-year colleges, as well as vocational schools. Write us if you do not find here the particular school or course you are looking for, and we will be glad to help you.

BEIGE KNITTING

Wheaty jacketed dress that crosses continents



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

The perfect travelling companion—a verve-y, versatile dress and jacket in a nubbly knitted fabric of Arnel and linen in the wheatiest beige. The dress: easy, narrow, the acme of comfort with its elasticized waist and tied belt. The cardigan jacket: elbow-length sleeves, gilt buttons, softly rounded neckline. The trick: a dress . . . jacket added, a suit . . . a whole other look. What's more, it comes in half sizes: 12½ to 22½; about $45. By Leslie Pomer. At Altman's; Marshall Field. Gloves by Kislav. Hat by Sally Victor.

OVERBLOUSED BEIGE

Undercoat knitting with an aptitude for climate-hopping



Another go-anywhere beige . . . away on weekends, cross-country, around the world . . . and always as crisp and right as when it started. The crew-necked overblouse lifts in a single curved notch at the hem, over a straight easy skirt. A right-now possibility: wrapping it under one of spring's pale suède coats. This two-piece dress of the same pack-happy Arnel-and-linen knitted fabric comes in half sizes—12½ to 22½; about $45. By Young Viewpoint Knits. Altman's; Hudson's. Kislav gloves. Emme hat.

NICE KIDS' NIGHT PLACES, UPTOWN

(Continued from page 135)

manages to have people waiting on the sidewalk on weekends to get in. International hamburgers ($.75 to $.95). Open 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1526 Second Avenue (between 79th and 80th). RH 4-9721.

THE LITTLE SHOOTER'S HOOTENANNY. This roomy, black-walled baby nightclub hopes to become the launch place for good and new musical trends and entertainers. It is managed by a small, enthusiastic young man, Lou Valenti, who once taught school. Until the place makes it, Valenti said, "I'm as nervous as a man who has proposed to a girl and is waiting for her to say yes." Hamburgers with French fries, $1.25. Chicken in the basket, $1.60. Open 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1544 Second Avenue (near 80th). RE 4-9448.

THE GORDIAN KNOT. This inside-out barn (the shingles are on the inside) opened three months ago with jazz as its message. By day, the owner, Carl Sewall, plus his wife, the manager and the bartender (all young, attractive) work as heavy labour. By night, they keep one of the youngest and largest of the uptown places swinging. Good, usually advanced jazz groups play here from 9:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. Food is not the point, but hamburgers, $.90, exist. Two-drink minimum in the back room. Open 2:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 1584 York Avenue (near 84th). RH 4-9041.

EATON'S. Opened only last month this restaurant is more dressed-up—regimental-striped wallpaper, panelling and outsized hurricane lamps—than most. One of the owners, David Eaton, an easy-talking, crew-cut man who used to be in advertising, said the plan is to keep to the uptown groove; no cover, no minimum charges, young, non-pro waiters, a menu leaning heavily on hamburgers, steaks, somebody playing the piano. Open 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. Every day. 340 East 79th Street. RH 4-9296.



Keeps your skirts from wrinkling, sagging!
TRICOT FRONT... does not ride up.
TAFFETA BACK... forms firm protective panel that allows no stretching. Deliberately pretty... bordered in nylon lace with kick pleats front and back. White, black, beige. 22-34 waist. Short, average, tall. About $6. (other Skirt Saver slips, half-slips $3.95-$10.)
ROBINSON'S, Los Angeles; VOLK'S, Dallas; B. SIEGEL, Detroit; CITY OF PARIS, San Francisco, or write:

BEVERLY VOGUE California
*T.M. REG. PAT.
NO CONNECTION WITH VOGUE MAGAZINE

Department V, 1115 So. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, California



Created and superbly handtailored by Elizabeth Byrne in Hong Kong.

Hand blocked screen prints on pure silk in fabulous color combinations as can only come out of India.

Fully lined in bright colors. Specify color tones: Browns, Turquoise, greens, Blues, Melon.

Sizes 8-18.
$23 airppd.
M. O. or check with order.

ELIZABETH BYRNE
Peninsula Hotel Hong Kong



The most romantic nightdress—a drift of pale-blue Italian silk crêpe printed with paler-pink rosebuds. At the neck and hem, shirred inserts of matching silk chiffon. Empire waist. Also solid blue, pink, yellow. Made to order; $149.50 ppd. Leron, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

GROW LONGER, THICKER
LASHES
NATURALLY



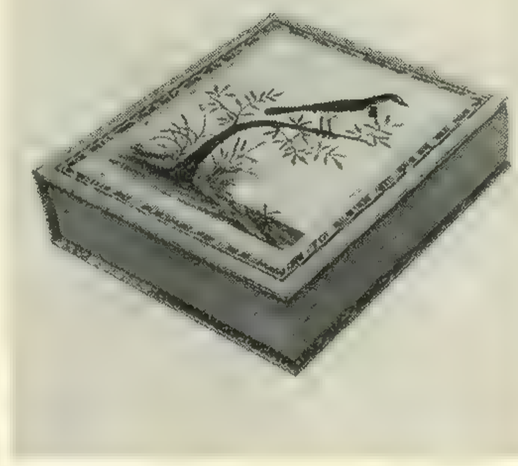
Tonicyle eyelash cream

NOW BEAUTIFY YOUR EYE LASHES NATURALLY

Apply **Tonicyle Eye Lash Cream** and grow eye lashes naturally. **Tonicyle Eye Lash Cream** softens lashes, aids growth of fuller, lovelier lashes. Easy to apply, an exciting new beauty aid imported from Italy. To get your six month supply of **Tonicyle** send **$3.00** in check or M.O. (sorry no C.O.D.'s). Money back guarantee.

FREE our new catalog of beauty aids

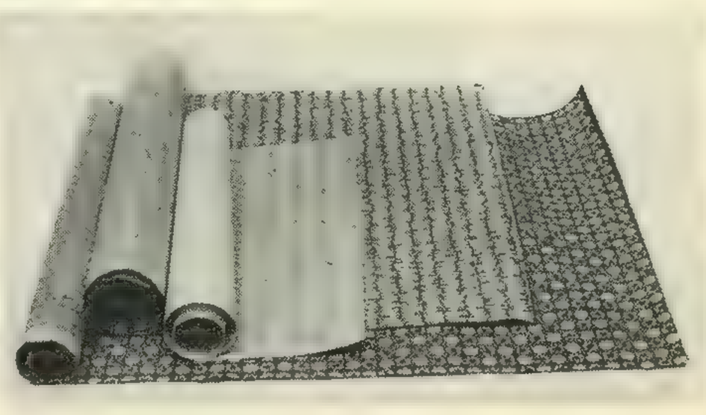
HIGH FASHION COSMETICS
Box 510B, 366 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.



Handsome telephone book covers decorated with reproductions of old flower or bird prints; lined with English library paper. Transparent coating cleans easily. Large or small; state thickness. $11.50. The Noisy Oyster, 960 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 21.



Hand-knitted in Scotland—a heather-brown wool sweater suit with a mocha-printed, sleeveless silk blouse and ascot. The cardigan is silk-lined. Also orange-gold, blue-green, grey. Sizes 32-40; $70 ppd. Antartex Sheepskin Shop, 139 East 76th St., N. Y. 21.



From England, France, and Sweden—a multitude of printed papers from Paisley to peppermint, for lining drawers, books, anything. Swatch book, $1 ppd. Andrews-Nelson-Whitehead, 7 Laight Street, N. Y. 13.

IT'S TIME TO TAN NOW!



GET AN EARLY START... AND KEEP YOUR TAN!



FREE Bonus Offer for Buying Early! FACE TANNER worth $1 FREE with every order for Sun Tanner.

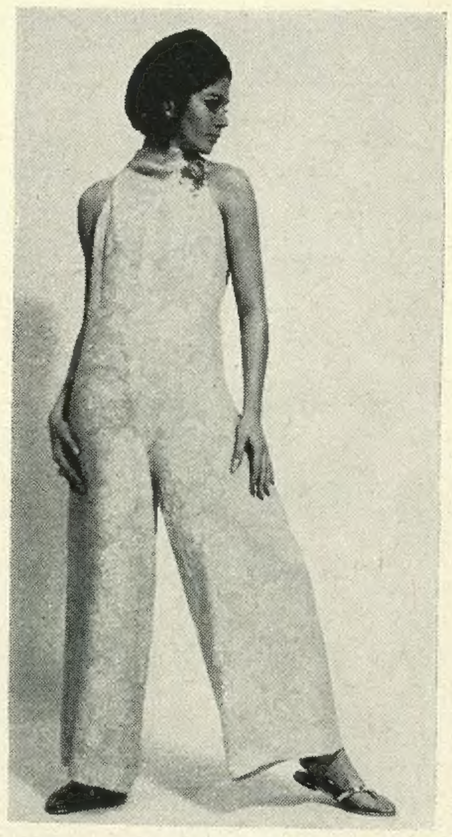
This ingenious invention knows no season. SUN TANNER with new Tan-O-Matic feature is scientifically designed to "capture" the sun's rays and induce a healthful, beautiful tan *even on cool days*. For terrace, roof-top, backyard or beach use, Sun Tanner gives you a radiant tan and *keeps it glowing all year round!* Equally effective with sun lamp. Get rid of winter pallor now—order today! In two sizes, complete with eye shield and wind anchor for breezy-day use.

Regular Sun Tanner (for 1 adult) 5' x 2½' x 18" high..... $5.98 ppd.
King Size Sun Tanner (for 2 adults) 10' x 5' x 18" high..... $8.98 ppd.

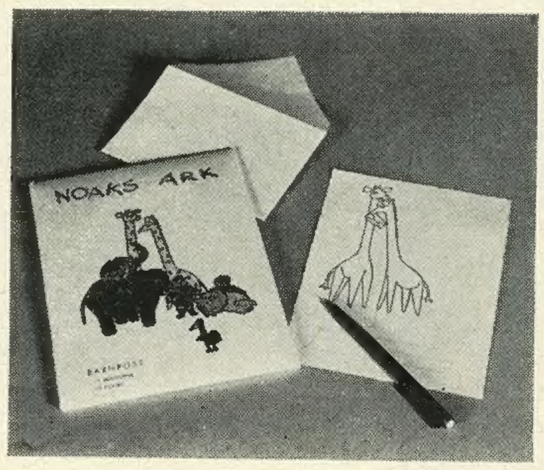
Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order.

HOBI INC., DEPT. G24, FLUSHING 52, N. Y.

HOUND



One-piece palazzo pyjama—
of yellow-and-gold
silk matelassé, with a
high cowl neck,
wide pants.
Also orange with pink or
yellow. 6-14; $101 ppd.
By Rudi Gernreich,
Splendiferous,
1312 Third Ave., N. Y. 21.



Child's letter-writing kit
from Sweden, illustrated
with animals-to-be-coloured
for the personal touch.
Envelopes red-and-blue-tissue
lined. 15 notes and envelopes,
$2.95 ppd. Wilburt,
194 Third Avenue, N. Y. 3.



Hat that's part of
a coiffure—lacquery
black straw bow,
held snug by a grosgrain-
covered band. Also white,
red, beige, navy blue.
$7. By Therese Ahrens,
Saks Fifth Avenue,
611 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.



Half-inch bangles of
braided 14-k. gold—
three at a time is
the dashing way
to wear them.
Each, $58.50 ppd., tax inc.
Callen's Jewelry, Dept. V-24,
92 Princeton Road,
Parlin, New Jersey.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE,
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

JEAN PHILIPPE SADRON

THE MOST UNIQUE FABRIC SERVICE IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!

Every 2 weeks throughout the year you will receive 16 fabric swatches gathered from the four corners of the globe!

A recent presentation, for instance, offers hand woven cottons from PAKISTAN, pure silks from the ORIENT, the finest cottons from SWITZERLAND, AUSTRIA and ITALY... as well as many exclusive fabrics from AMERICA'S finest mills! And all at LOWEST IN THE COUNTRY PRICES!

With each fabric purchase receive a SURPRISE GIFT BONUS of fresh, new fabrics, FREE, or take a 10% DISCOUNT as preferred. There is no obligation whatever, to buy.

ALL THIS FOR ONLY $2 for a FULL year! OVER 400 Swatches in all!

UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL PURCHASES! NO TIME LIMIT!

You must be happy with everything bought from us or we want it back!

FABRICS 'ROUND THE WORLD, Inc. VM-1

270 West 38th St., New York 18, N. Y.

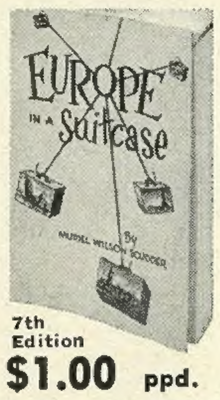
☐ $2.00 enclosed for full year's membership

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

No Foreign or Canada, Please!



7th Edition
$1.00 ppd.

GOING ABROAD?

Then here's a booklet filled with advice on all the thorny problems besetting innocents abroad! **EUROPE IN A SUITCASE** thinks of everything . . . it makes preparing for your trip as easy as A B C. It discusses passports, tipping, ships and planes; it tells what to pack in one suitcase so you can travel without being overstocked or underprepared. Its "Get Ready" Calendar guides you step by step in the months before you leave home. Send today for the 7th Revised Edition . . . It's **$1.00 ppd.** ***(or $1.20 by First Class Mail).***

My **CARIBBEAN TRAVELER** contains complete packing lists, a BWI money computer, and important facts for Island travelers! **50¢ ppd.**

MRS. MURIEL W. SCUDDER, 238 Abbey Rd., Manhasset, N.Y.



FIRST EDITION!

THE JOSEPH FLEISCHER HAIRPIECE STYLE BOOK

$1.00

- *40 pages filled with the latest hair-fashion news!*
- *over 100 photographs featuring the newest and smartest couturier fashion hairpiece styles!*

If you are interested in buying a glamorous new hairpiece, you can choose from the entire 1964 Joseph Fleischer collection—right in your own home. Joseph Fleischer hairpieces of course, have been world-renowned for incomparable quality for over 130 years. Made of the finest European hair...hand-crafted...with superior workmanship and meticulous attention to the smallest detail...perfectly color-blended to be undetectable.

JOSEPH FLEISCHER CO., 12 West 27th Street, (Dept. V24) New York 1, N.Y.

Please send my copy of the new Joseph Fleischer Hairpiece Style Book. I enclose $1.00

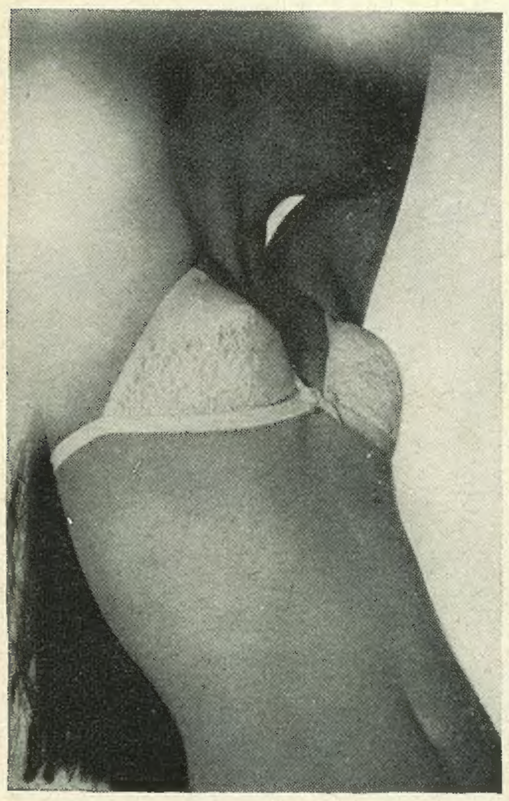
Name_____

Address_____

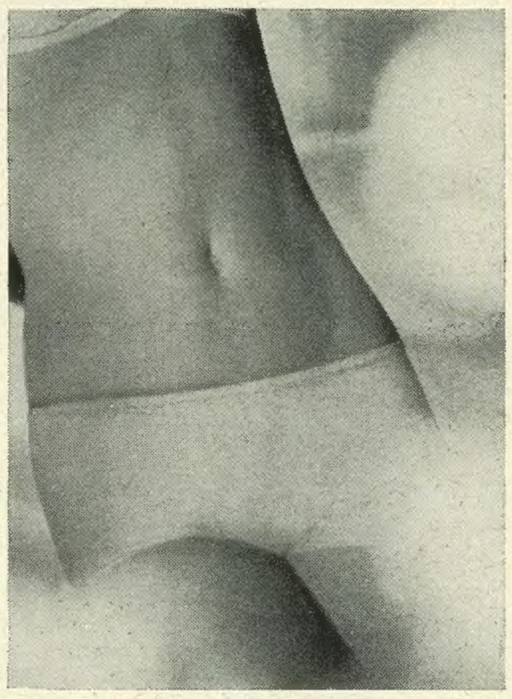
City_____ State_____

THE PRETTIEST FIGURES

bared and lightly controlled



A tiny white wisp of brassière with stretch lace cups and the narrowest elastic back. The same size smooths to any figure, skims particularly well under anything knitted, stretches beautifully for action. By Warner's, of Helanca nylon stretch lace lined with nylon tricot. $4. At Gimbels.



Mint-green pantie-girdle cut like a bikini—try slipping it on under one. It has a sleek, persuasive control but is one-ounce light; would draw a smooth, rounded line under the narrowest pants. By Venus. Of Lycra. About $4. At Bonwit Teller.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 112-113; other views, yardages, details)



6125



6065

Above, left: Pale suède dress, Vogue Pattern 6125, in sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 5 suède skins of average size, with nap; for lining, 2 yards of 39″ fabric are needed. Pattern includes short double-breasted coat. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

Above, right: Pale suède skirt, "Easy to Make" Vogue Pattern 6065, in waist sizes 24 to 30. Size 26 waist, above-the-knee length, requires 4 suède skins of average size, with nap; for lining, 1⅜ yds. of 39″ fabric are needed. 75c. In Canada, 85c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE" "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers.
To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

DIAL THE NUMBER IN YOUR AREA

STATE	telephone
Alabama	
Birmingham	879-0131
Mobile	433-8196
Arizona	
Phoenix	279-1370
Arkansas	
Little Rock	FR 5-5494
California	
Los Angeles	651-4612
San Diego	239-4516
San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford	see New York, White Plains
Hartford	247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass.	includes New Haven
Delaware	
Wilmington	see Philadelphia
District of Columbia	
Washington	District 7-8668
Florida	
Jacksonville	356-4401
Miami	377-2977
Georgia	
Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii	
Honolulu	571-063
Illinois	
Chicago	236-3580
includes Gary, Indiana	Hammond, Indiana
Indiana	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
Gary, Hammond	see Chicago
Iowa	
Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky	
Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana	
New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts	
Boston	HA 6-1550
Fall River	see Providence, R. I.
Springfield	see Hartford, Conn.
Michigan	
Detroit	961-7116

STATE	telephone
Minnesota	
Minneapolis-St. Paul	332-1890
Missouri	
Kansas City	LO 1-0013
St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska	
Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey	
Newark	642-4967
New York	
Albany	463-4690
Buffalo	854-4055
New York City	LT 1-3879
Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
White Plains	WH 9-9111
includes Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford, Conn.	
Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio	
Columbus	221-3544
Cincinnati	621-3375
includes Dayton	
Cleveland	781-5148
Oklahoma	
Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Oregon	
Portland	222-5393
Pennsylvania	
Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
Philadelphia	LO 7-1200
includes Wilmington, Delaware	
Pittsburgh	471-6166
Rhode Island	
Providence	421-9760
includes Fall River, Mass.	
Tennessee	
Memphis	327-4424
Nashville	256-5518
Texas	
Austin	GR 2-0254
Dallas	RI 7-4108
includes Fort Worth	
Houston	CA 8-1967
Utah	
Salt Lake City	364-3441
Virginia	
Richmond	644-8832
Washington	
Seattle	MU 2-1292

PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



A mere wisp of firm control, Van Raalte's Water Lily Slendare® Pantie-Girdle of Lycra* Power Net, in drifts of pale pastels. Self-reinforced, front and back. S M L, $6.95. Bra, A B C, 32 to 38, in Antron* tricot with Lycra Power Net, $3.95. Matching petticoat of Antron tricot, S M L, $4.95. All in Clover, *shown,* or Jonquil. In fine Foundation and Lingerie Departments. *Du Pont T.M.

Van Raalte

Because you love nice things



Now I don't need the moon...or stars...or anything...'cause the best thing in life is me!!



Why not be a blonde and see! Just switch to bewitch with the ultra-blonde magic of New Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol. That quick-cool-gentle, creamier-softer-toned-dreamier Ultra-Blue! You'll love the way it cares for your hair... makes it look silky and shining.

Try it alone—or with a Clairol Creme Toner*. The glamour you'll *feel* is for *real!* Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is Lady Clairol... call your beauty salon now for an appointment! Ask for ULTRA-BLUE® LADY CLAIROL® Cremogenized® hair lightener. Clairol® Creme Toner—your choice of 32 delicate blonde shades. ©1961 Clairol Incorporated Stamford, Conn. *Trademark